

SMASH

10¢

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OCTOBER
No. 61

COMICS

Midnight

GROWS OLD
and his body
commits MURDER!



-JACK COLE-

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



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Name

Address

City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1251, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



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Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for

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6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular



6 TEASPOONS



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Gives hours of entertainment. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

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Name

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State..... Gift Wanted.....

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-455, Jefferson, Iowa.

THIS IS AN
OUTRAGE! I'M
SNIFFER SNOOP,
THE FAMOUS
DETECTIVE!

YOU'D NEVER
KNOW IT TO LOOK
AT ME, BUT I'M
MIDNIGHT!

I'M DOC
WACKEY!

I'M
GOING
CRAZY!

GIMME
BACK MY
BODY!

MIDNIGHT

by
Paul
Gustavson

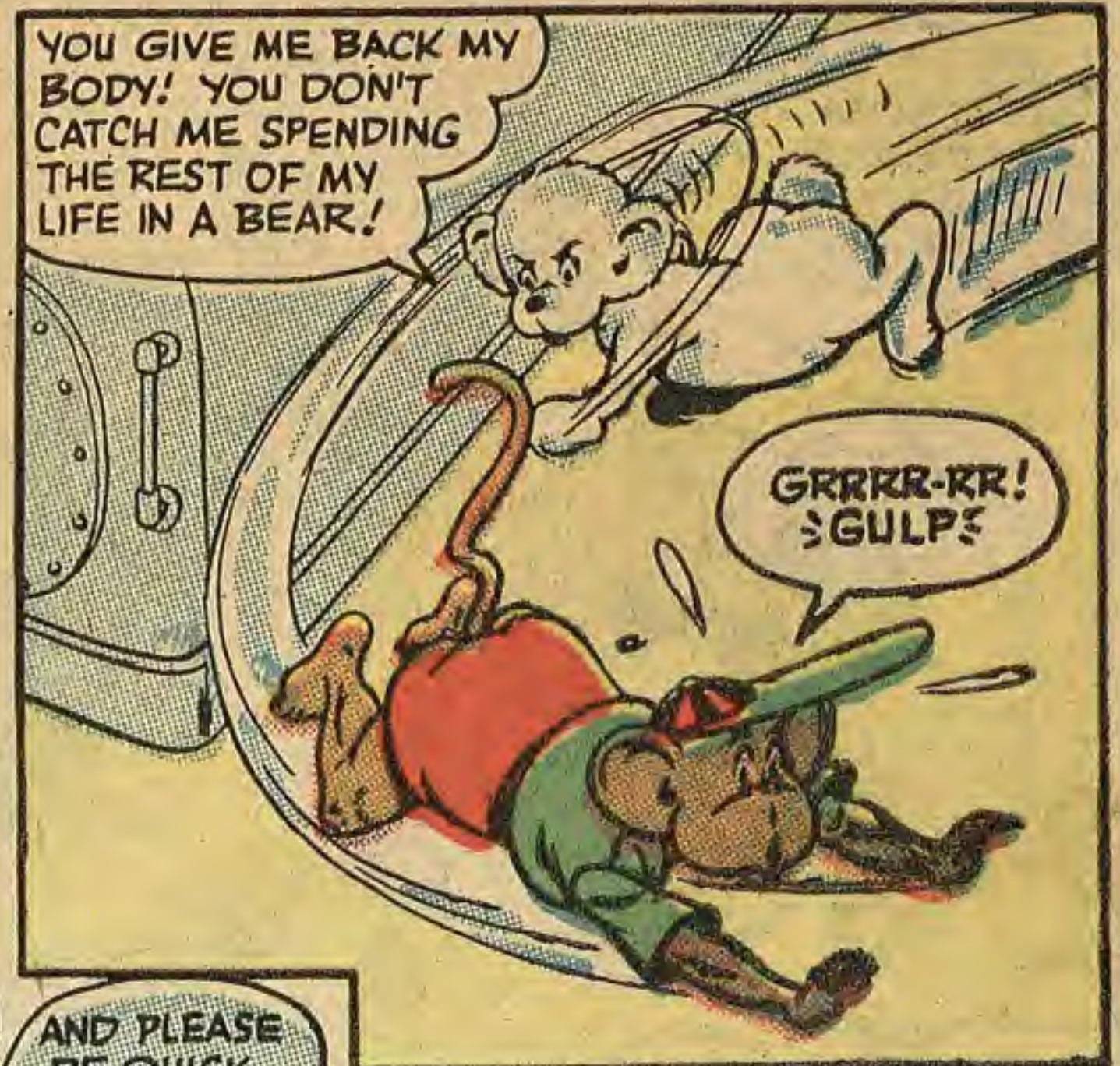
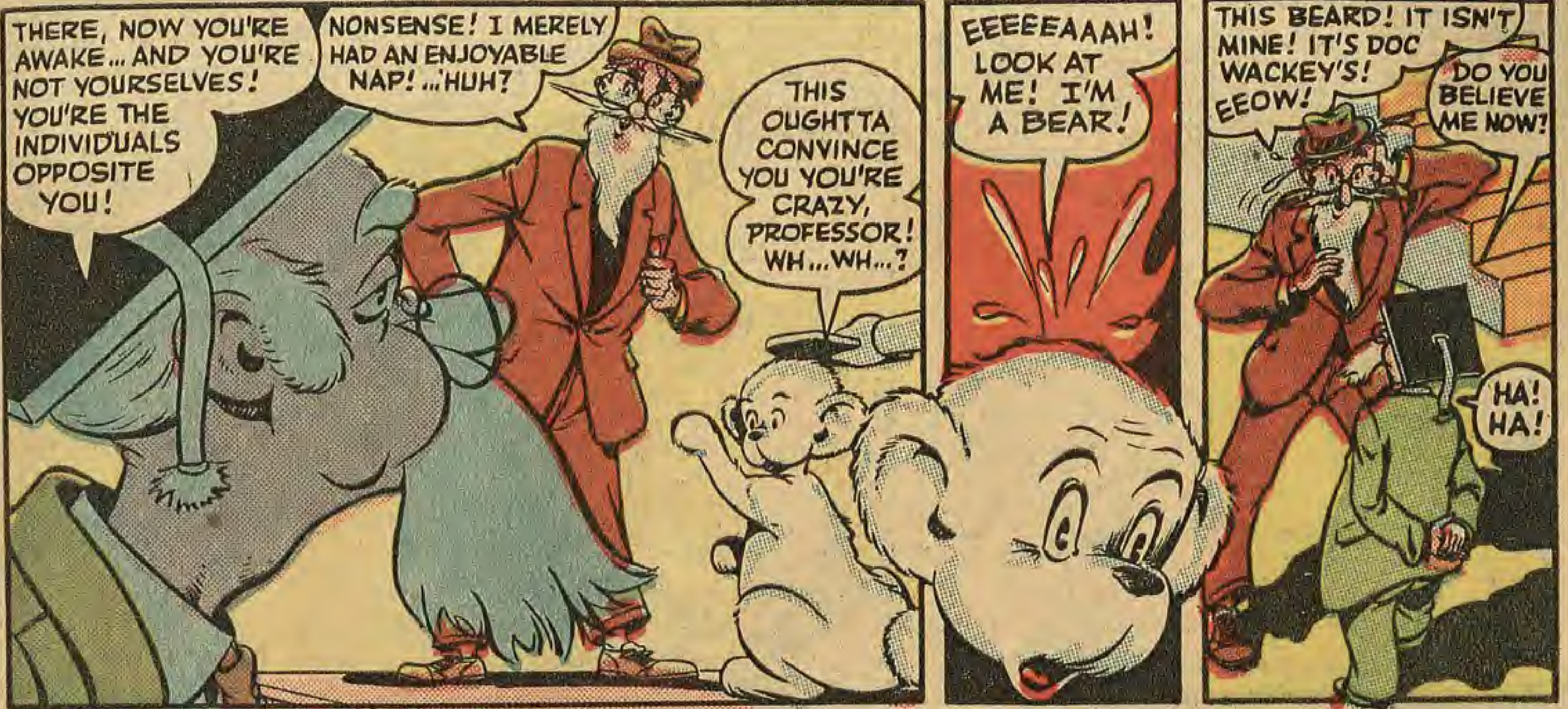




SMASH COMICS









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Meanwhile...

SUCCESS AT LAST! I SHALL BECOME THE MOST FAMOUS SCIENTIST IN THE WORLD AND MAKE MILLIONS! NOW, MAYBE BEINDA WILL CONSENT TO MARRY ME!



BUT NO... SHE STILL WOULDN'T HAVE ME! I'M TOO OLD! I HAVE NO YOUTH, NO STRONG PHYSIQUE, NO GLAMOR-- AH, THAT'S WHAT I NEED!



SOMEBODY'S COMING IN!



THAT'S THE MACHINE, MIDNIGHT!

HMMM! BUT NO SIGN OF PROFESSOR PADSEL!

WHAT A SPECIMEN OF MANHOOD! WHAT AN IDEA!



YOU SAY THAT EACH HELD ONE OF THESE RODS?

THAT'S RIGHT...AND THEN THAT MONSTER COMMITTED THE FOUL DEED!



HUH?

TH-THAT'S HIM!



LET GO, MIDNIGHT! HE'S TRYING TO SWITCH MINDS WITH YOU!

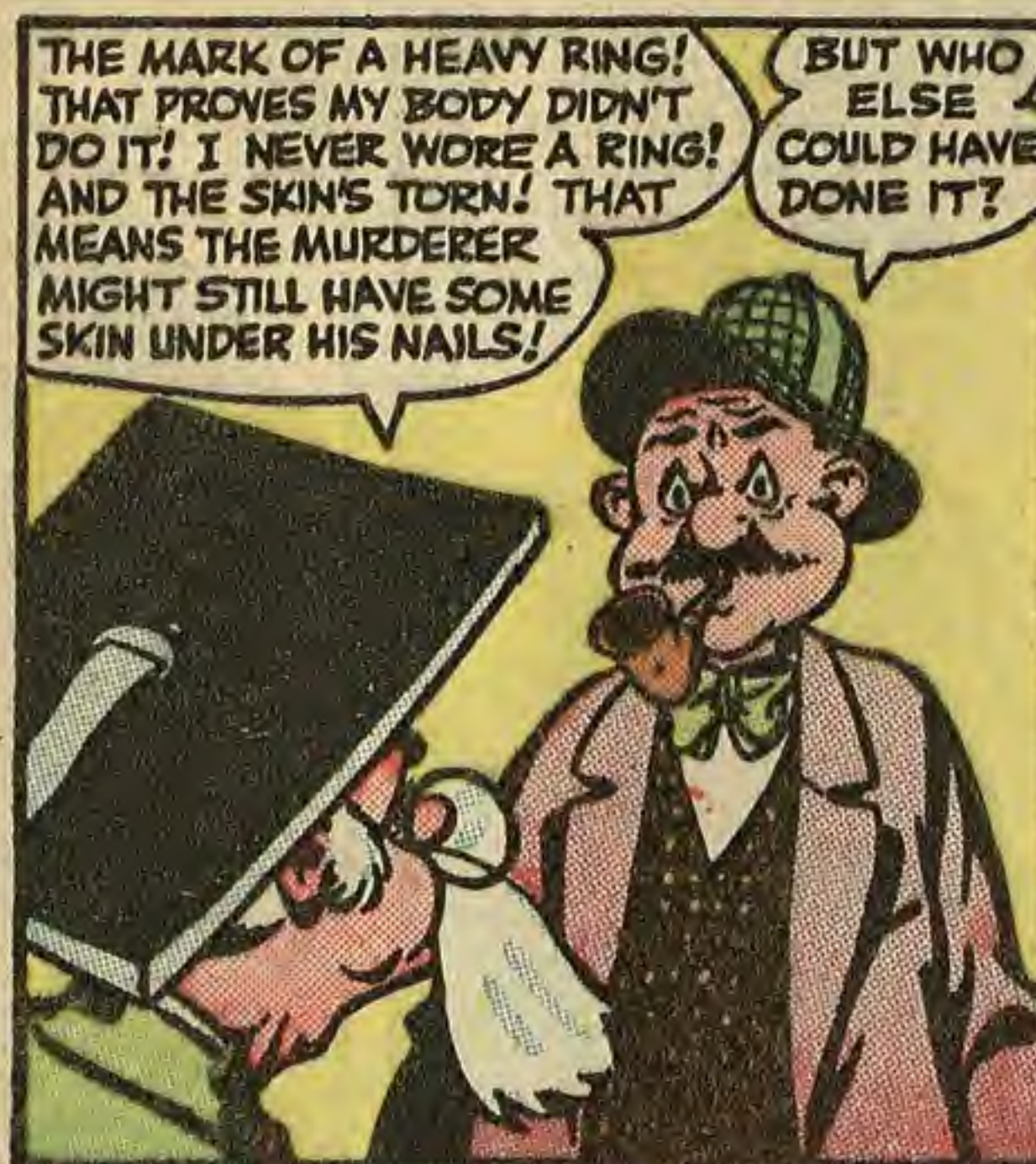
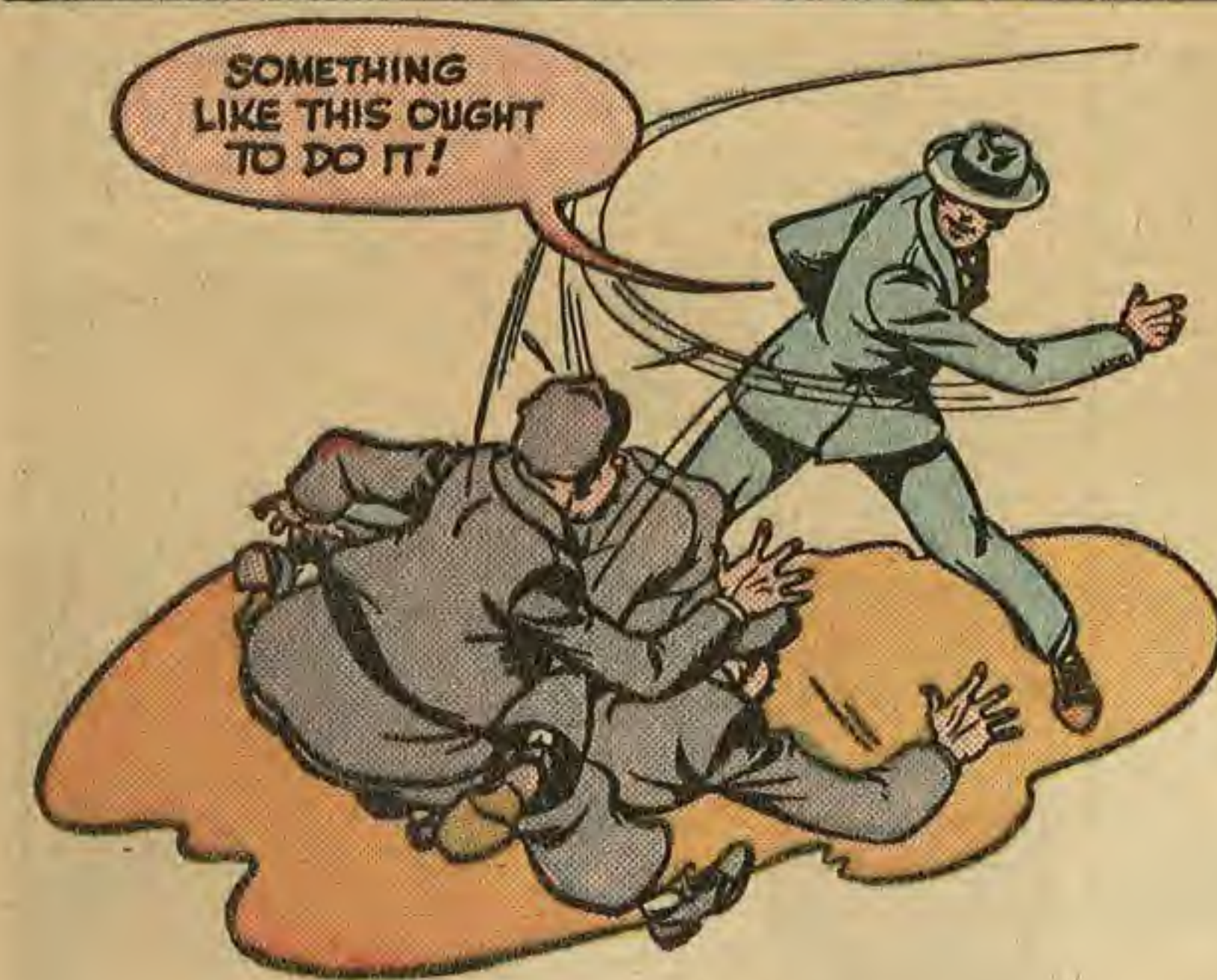
I C-CAN'T! I'M-I'M---

HA-HA! YOU'RE FALLING ASLEEP! AND SO AM I--AND WHEN WE AWAKE--



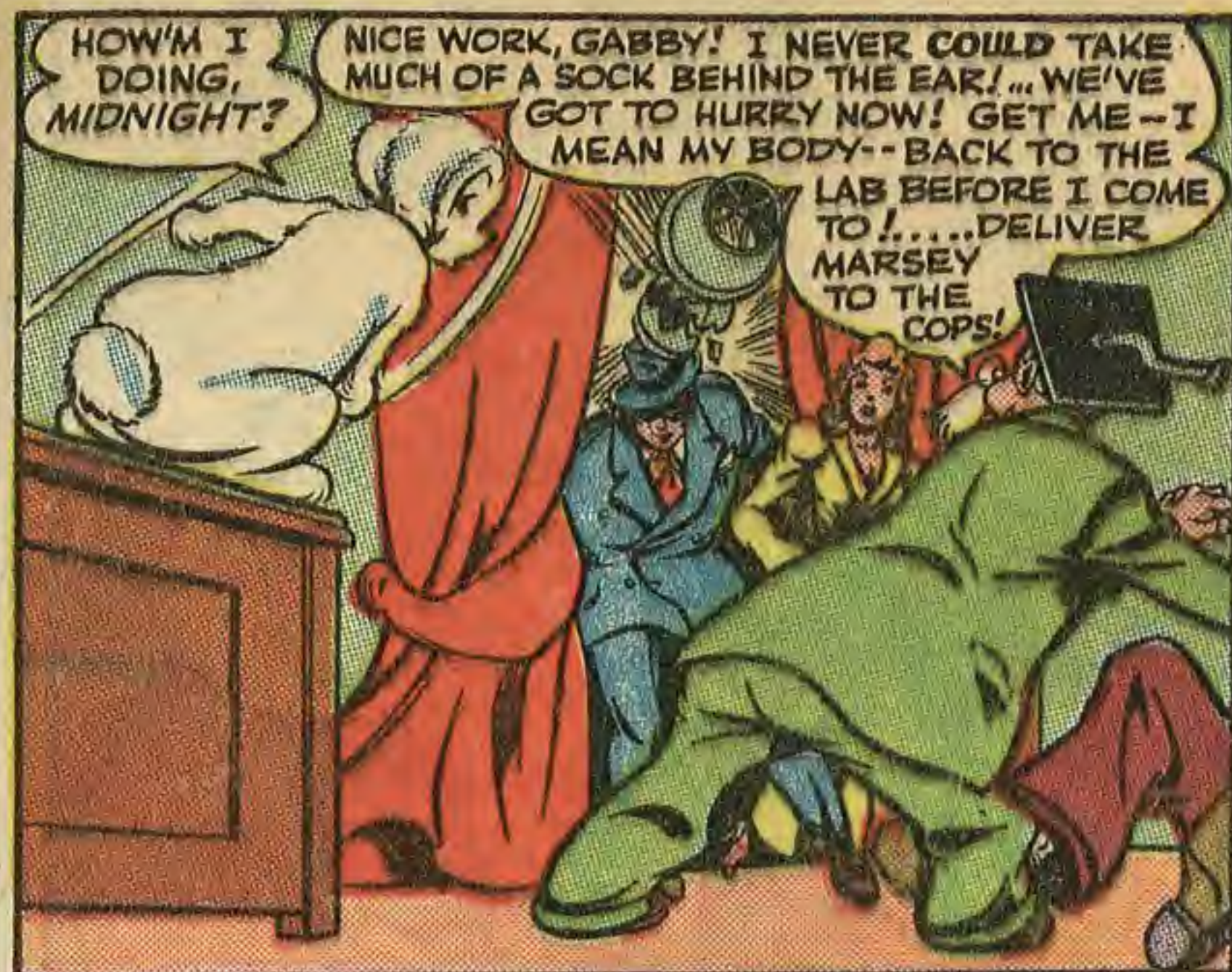


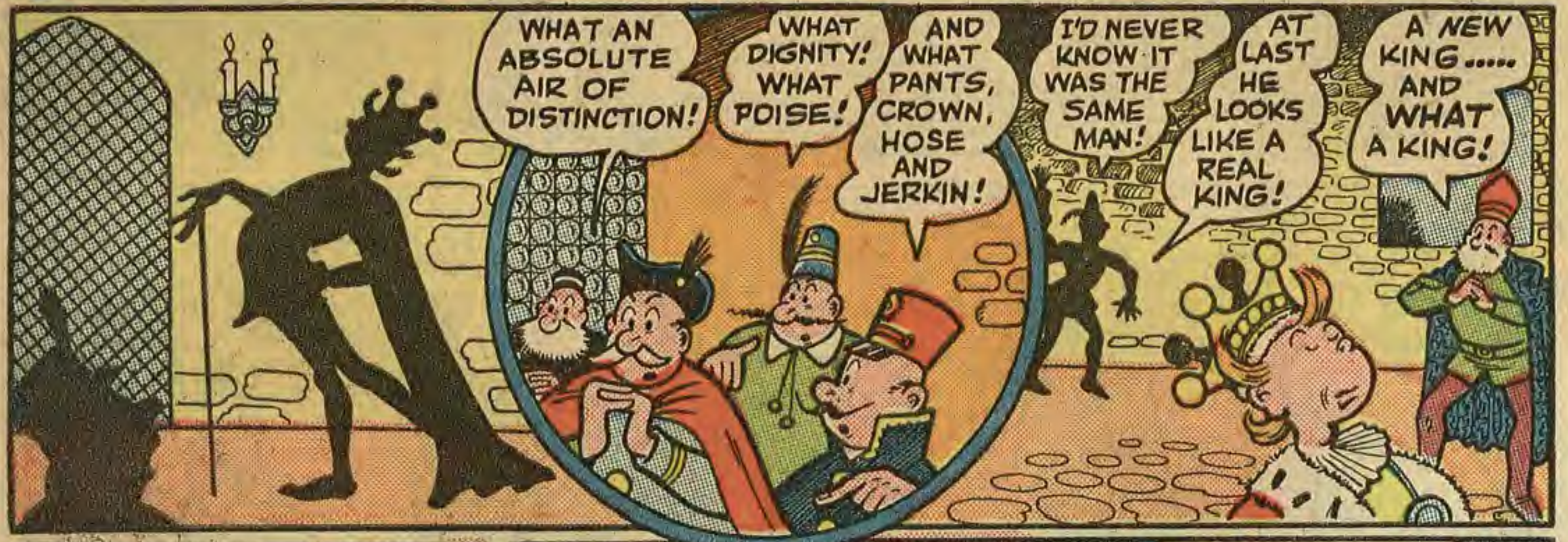




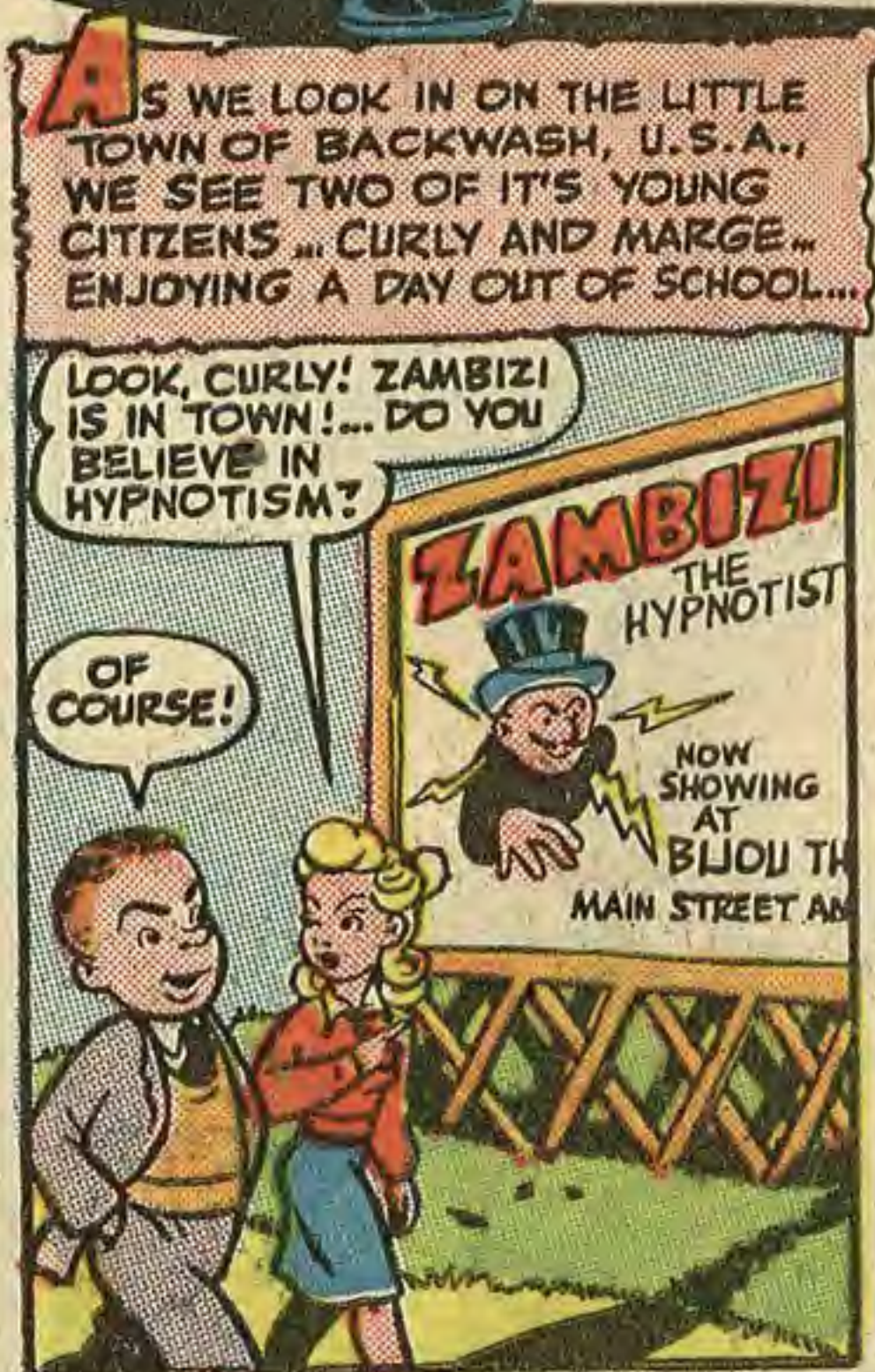
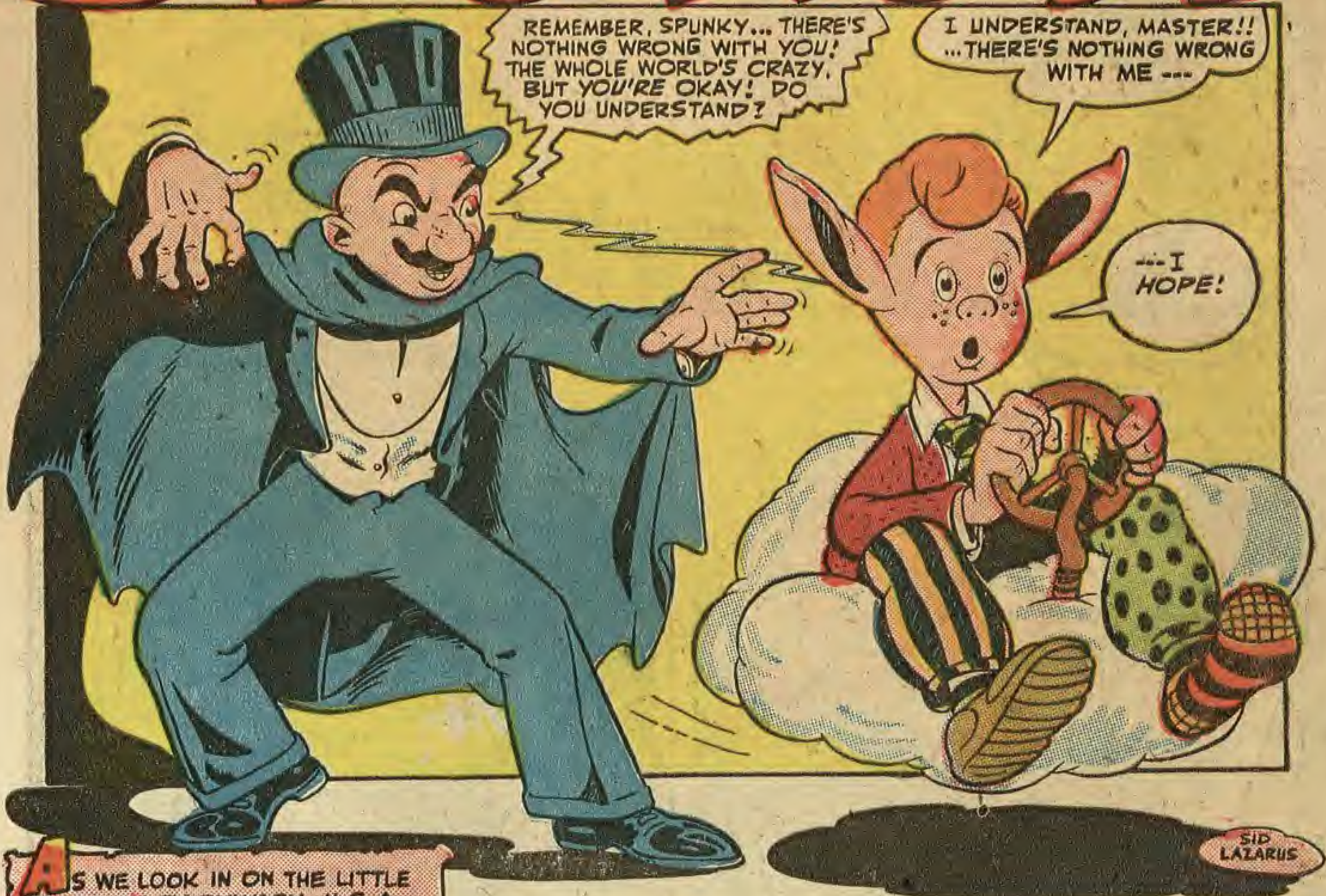


BOP!
CRAWH!
BAM!





SPUNKY



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ZOK!



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA -- SOCKING ME LIKE THAT? HUH??

I HAD TO, AFTER CURLY MADE A MONKEY OUT OF YOU! OH-OH... WHAT'S THIS?



CURLY WAS STANDING NEAR THIS POSTER JUST BEFORE WE CAME BY!...GET IT?

DO YOU MEAN HE HYPNOTIZED ME? OF ALL THE LOW-... OH, WELL... TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!

SHOWING AT THE BILLO MAIN STREET



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

COME ON, PUG! THIS GUY ZAMBIZI CAN GIVE US THE INSIDE DOPE ON THIS HYPNOTISM BUSINESS!

YEAH, BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'LL TELL IT TO US?

STAGE ENTRANCE

ZAMBIZI



SURE, KIDS -- YOU'LL FIND HIM IN HIS DRESSING ROOM! ONLY MAKE IT SNAPPY! HE GOES ON IN A FEW MINUTES!

THANKS, MISTER!

RACING FORM



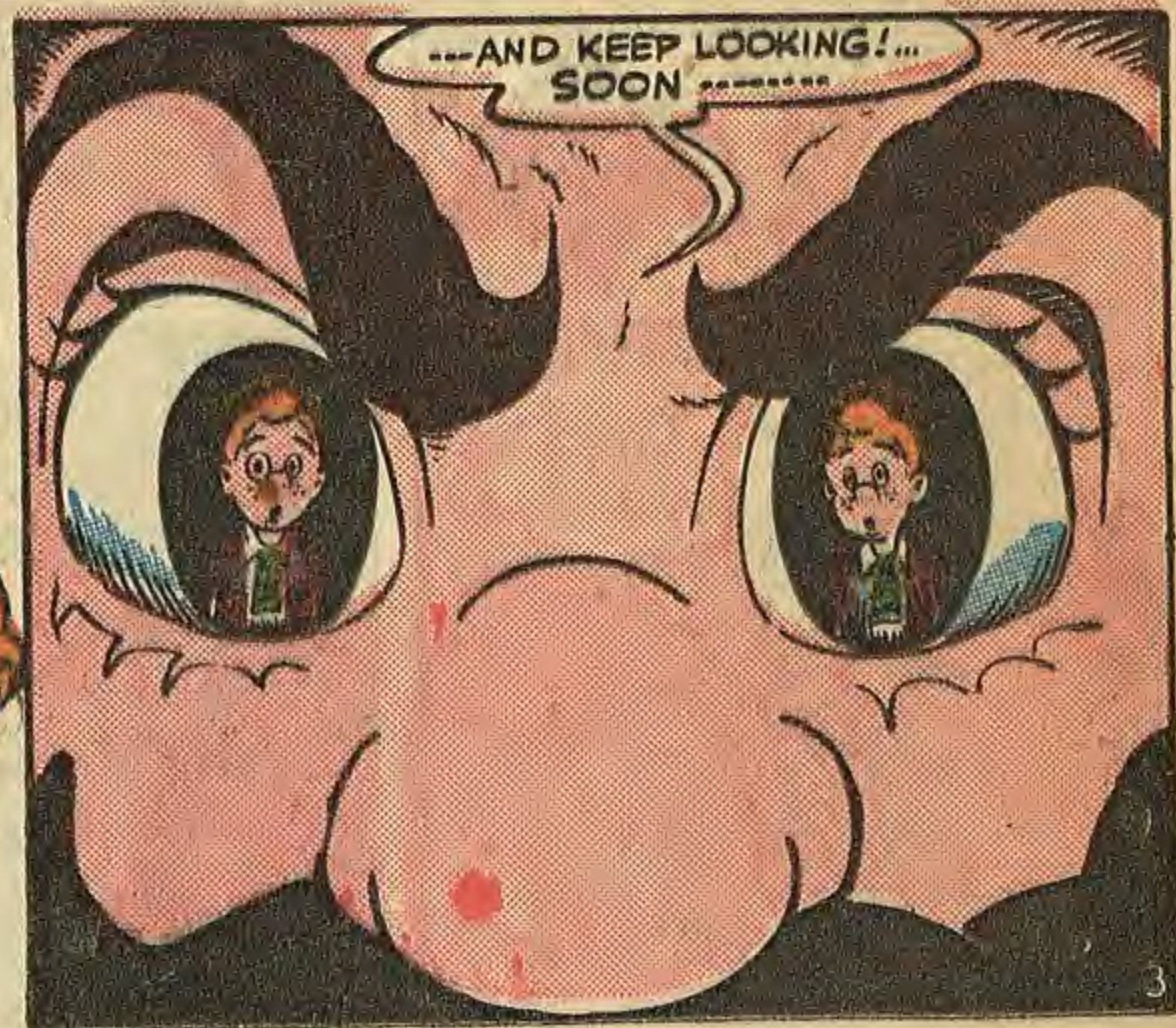
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU BOYS? WANT MY AUTOGRAPH?

WELL-ER... YOU SEE -- MR. ZAMBIZI -- I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WOULD SELL ME ONE OF YOUR TRICKS FOR A DOLLAR!



BAH! HYPNOTISM IS A CHUCK! I'LL GIVE YOU A LESSON FREE OF CHARGE! LOOK INTO MY EYES...

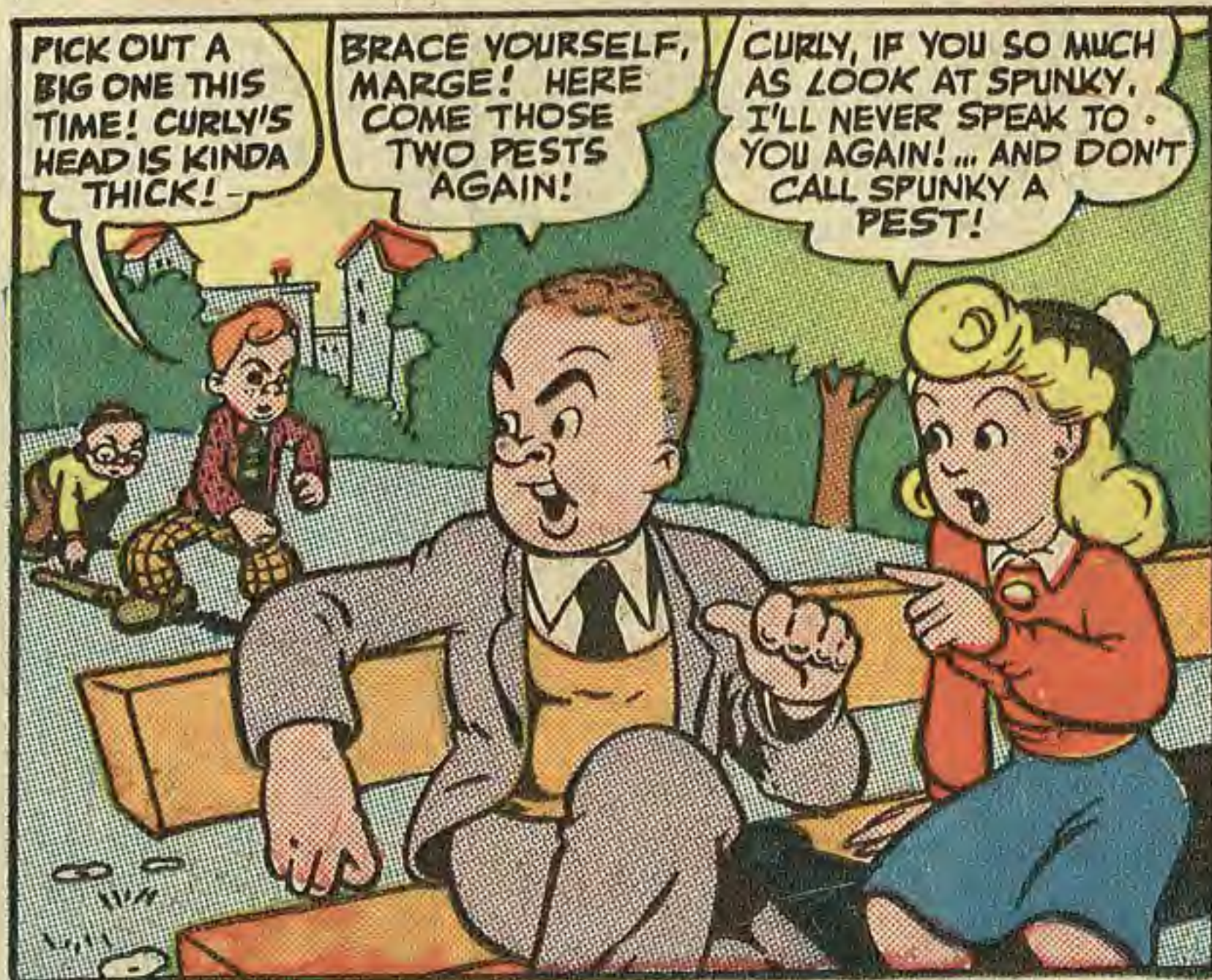
Y-YESSIR!



---AND KEEP LOOKING!... SOON

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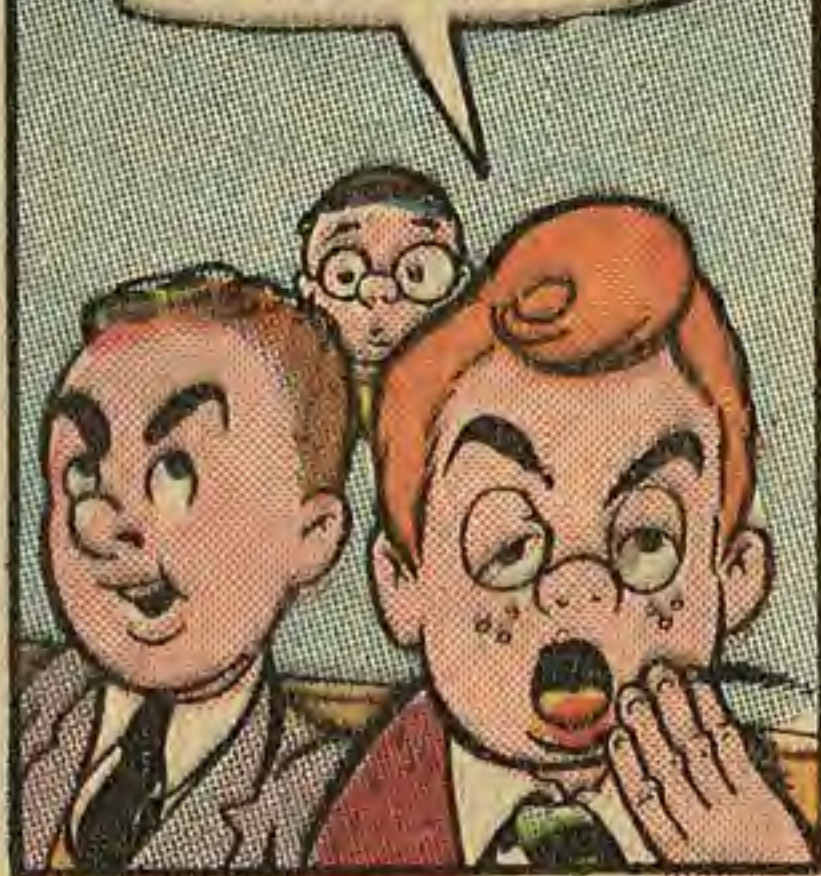
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IMAGINE YOU'RE LYING ON YOUR BACK -- ON A DEEP, SOFT COUCH -- YOUR HANDS FEEL LIKE YOU GOT ON TWO PAIRS OF GLOVES --- YOUR FEET FEEL LIKE VALISES --- YOU'RE GETTIN' VERY SLEEPY --- THE BED IS STARTING TO ROCK -- BACK AND FORTH -- BACK AND FORTH--



NOT VERY MUCH *later*....

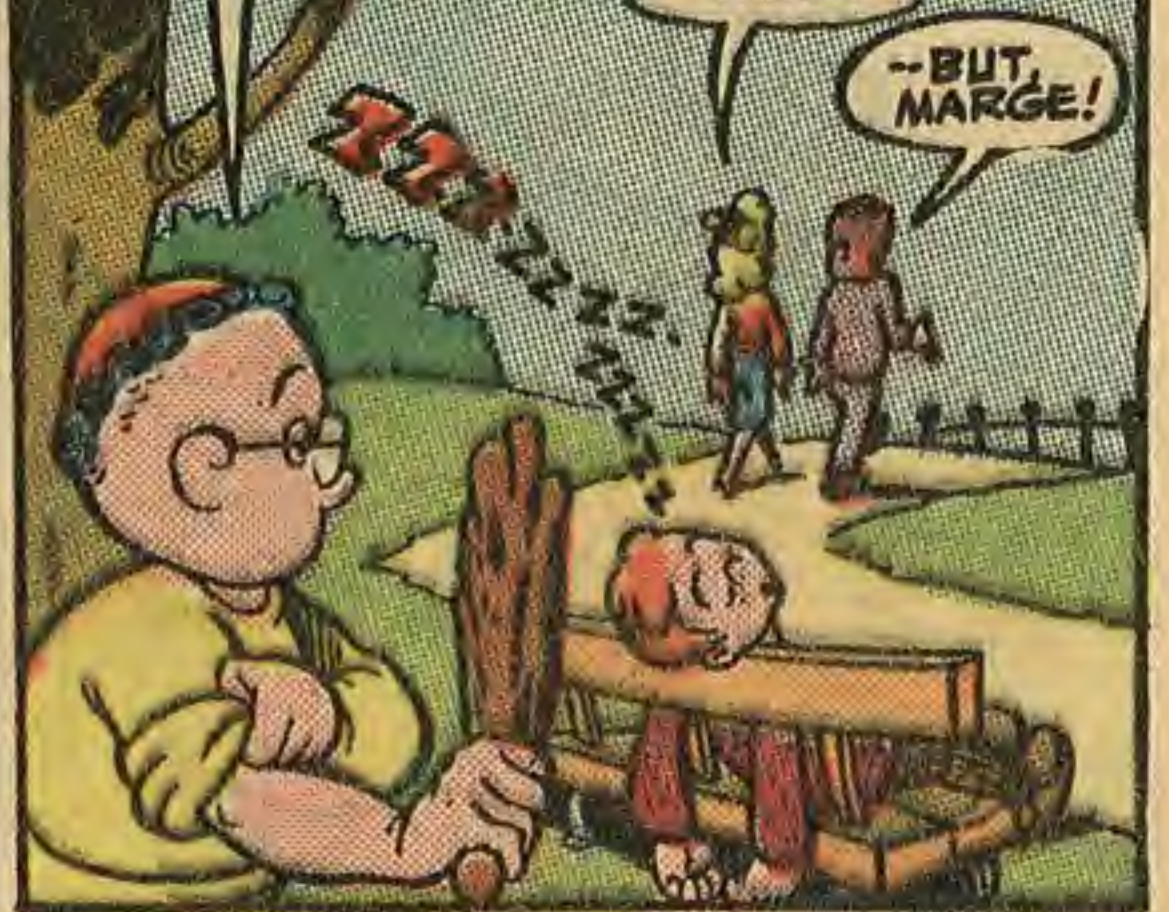
YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE FLOATING IN A TUB -- OF-- WARM -- WATER --(YAWN)-- FLOATING -- IN A-- MUMBLE --MUMBLE-- TUB OF... (YAWN) --HOT-- FLOATING IN FLUB --(YAWN)----



THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS!

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T LOOK AT HIM!... JUST THE SAME, IT'S YOUR FAULT!

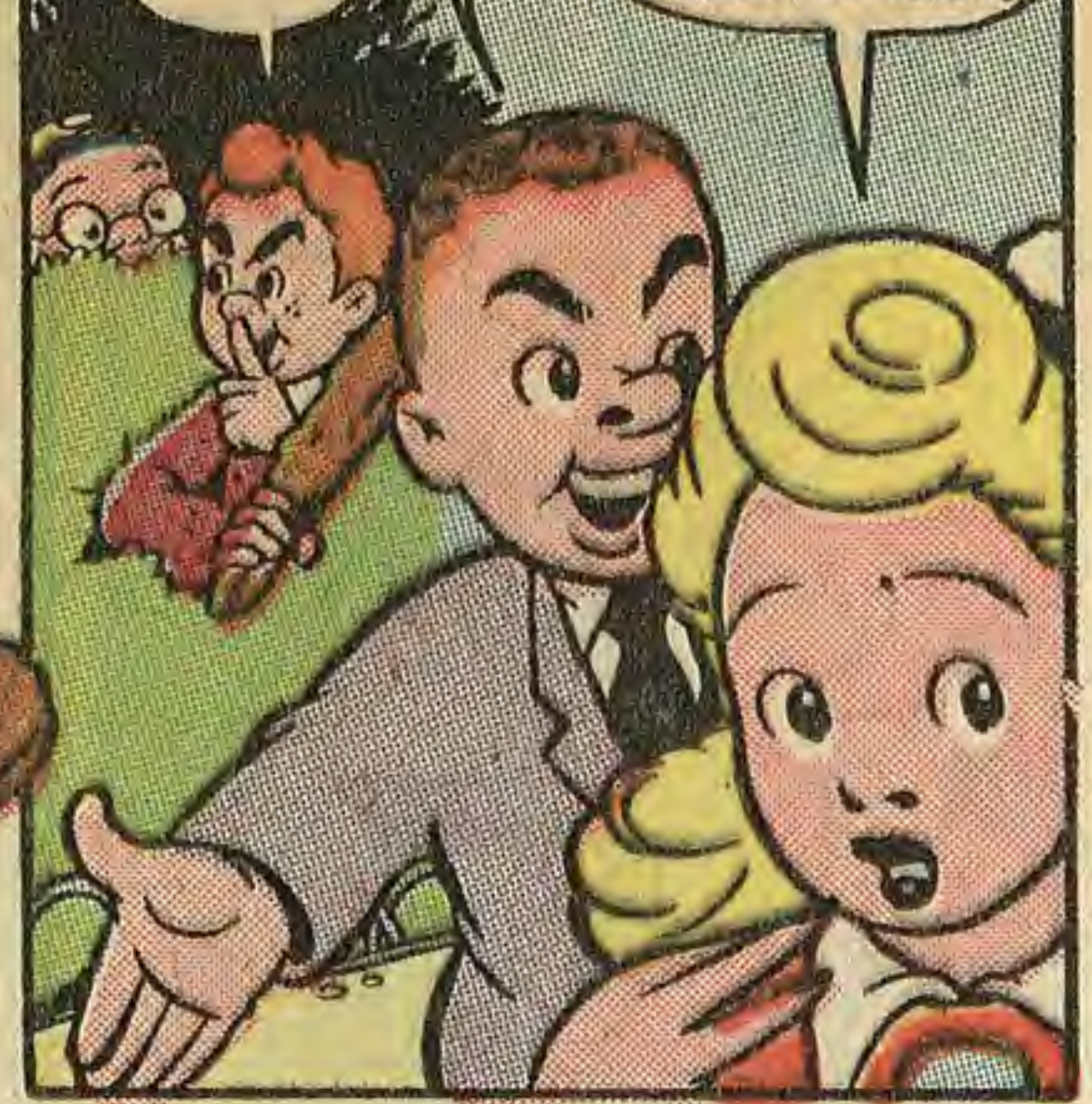
--BUT, MARGE!



HOW ABOUT THE BIJOU TONIGHT? THAT ZAMBIZI GUY IS SUPPOSED TO BE PRETTY GOOD!

I DON'T KNOW, CURLY! I'M WORRIED ABOUT SPUNKY!

SHH-H!



IF YOU DO THAT ONCE MORE, I'M GONNA GET MAD!

AND I'M NOT THROWING THIS STICK AWAY-- UNTIL YOU CUT OUT THIS FOOLISHNESS!



THAT STICK!... I'VE GOT IT!... GIVE IT TO ME AND I'LL MAKE IT WORK BOTH WAYS!



BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT HAPPENED?

I JUST USED THE OLD-FASHIONED METHOD OF HYPNOTISM -- IT'S CALLED THE "WHACK-ON-BEANIUS"... ER-- BY THE WAY -- I HEAR THERE'S A GOOD SHOW AT THE BIJOU TONIGHT!

THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN!

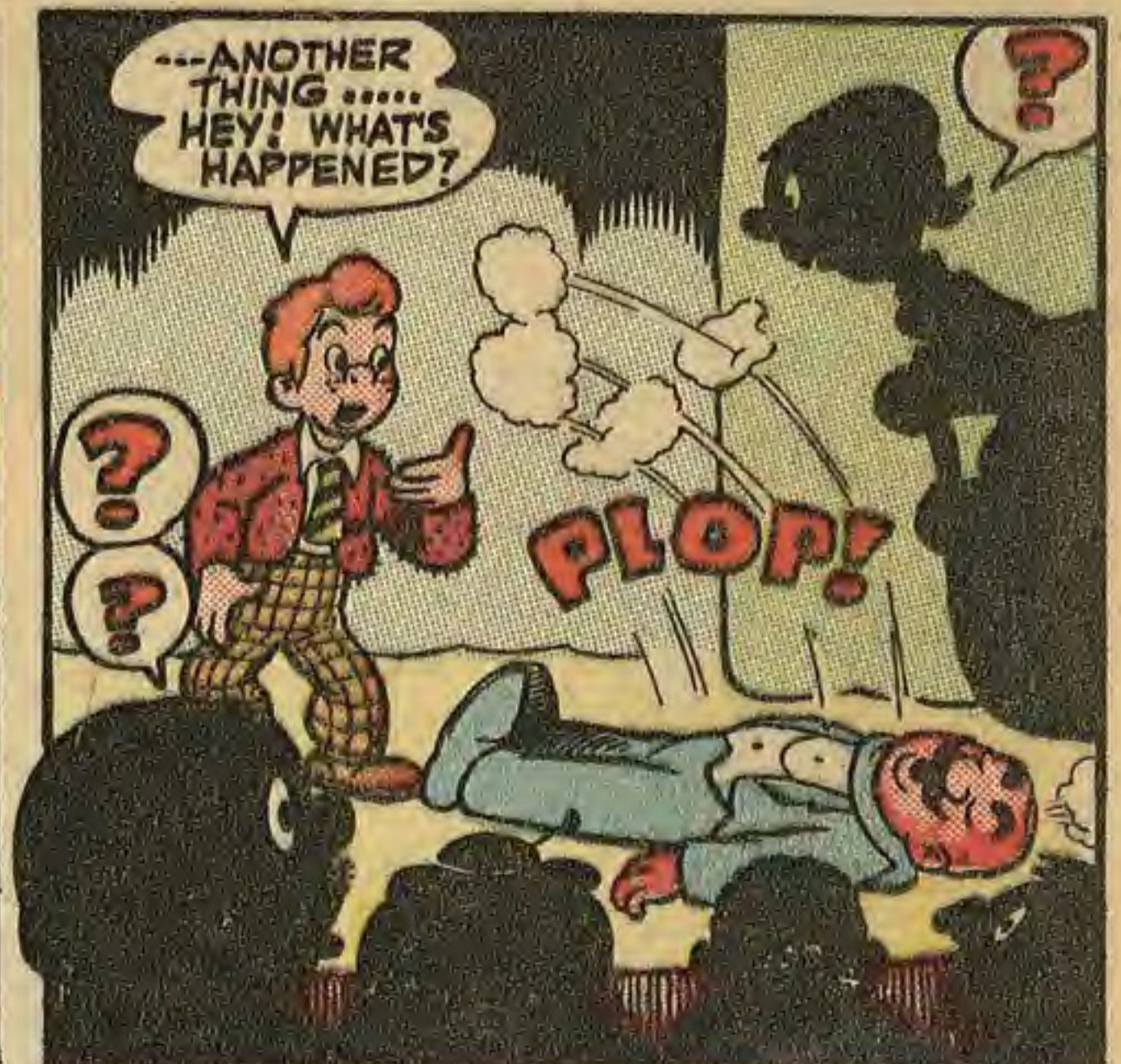
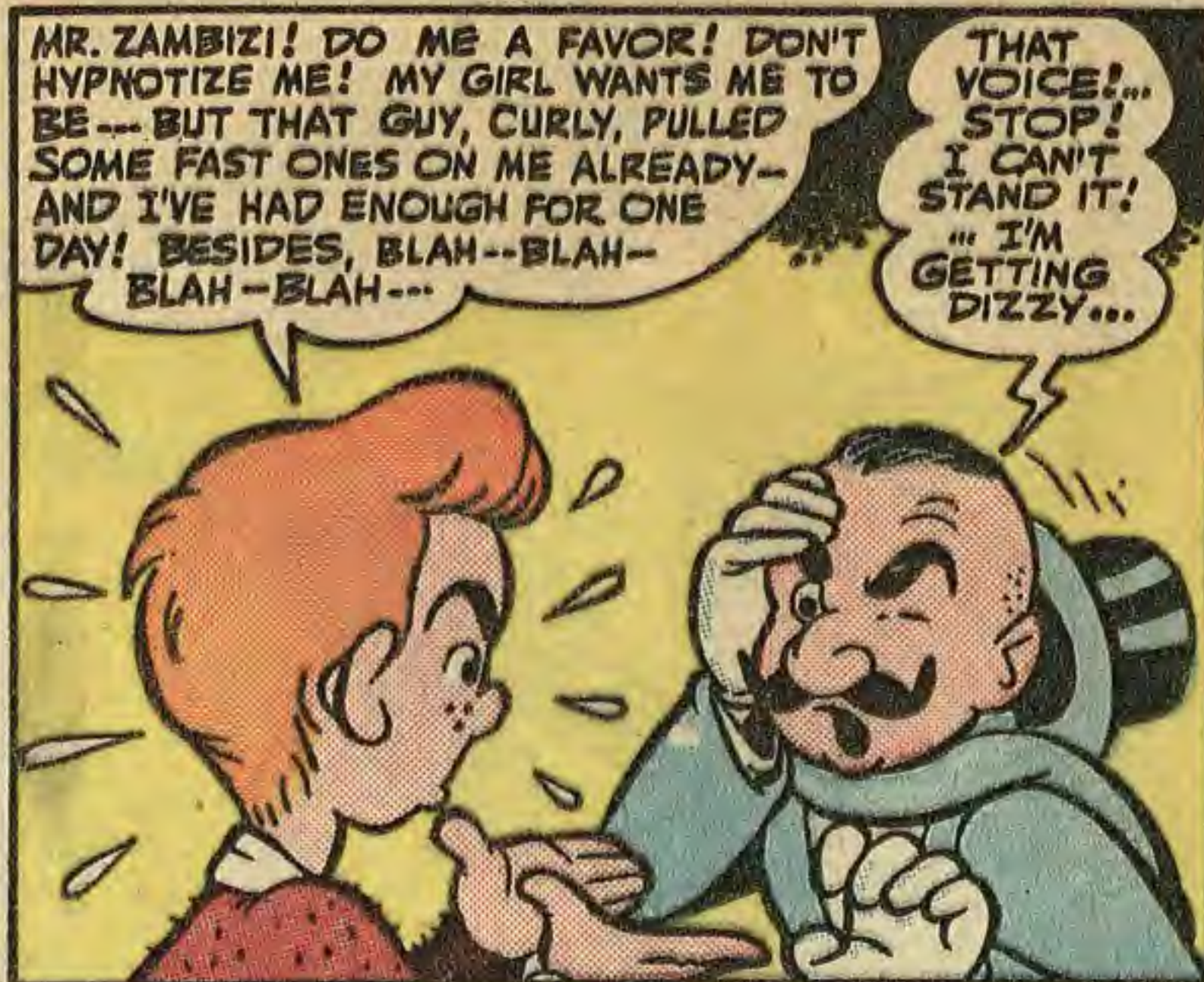


THAT NIGHT-- AT THE BIJOU...



TWO, PLEASE!

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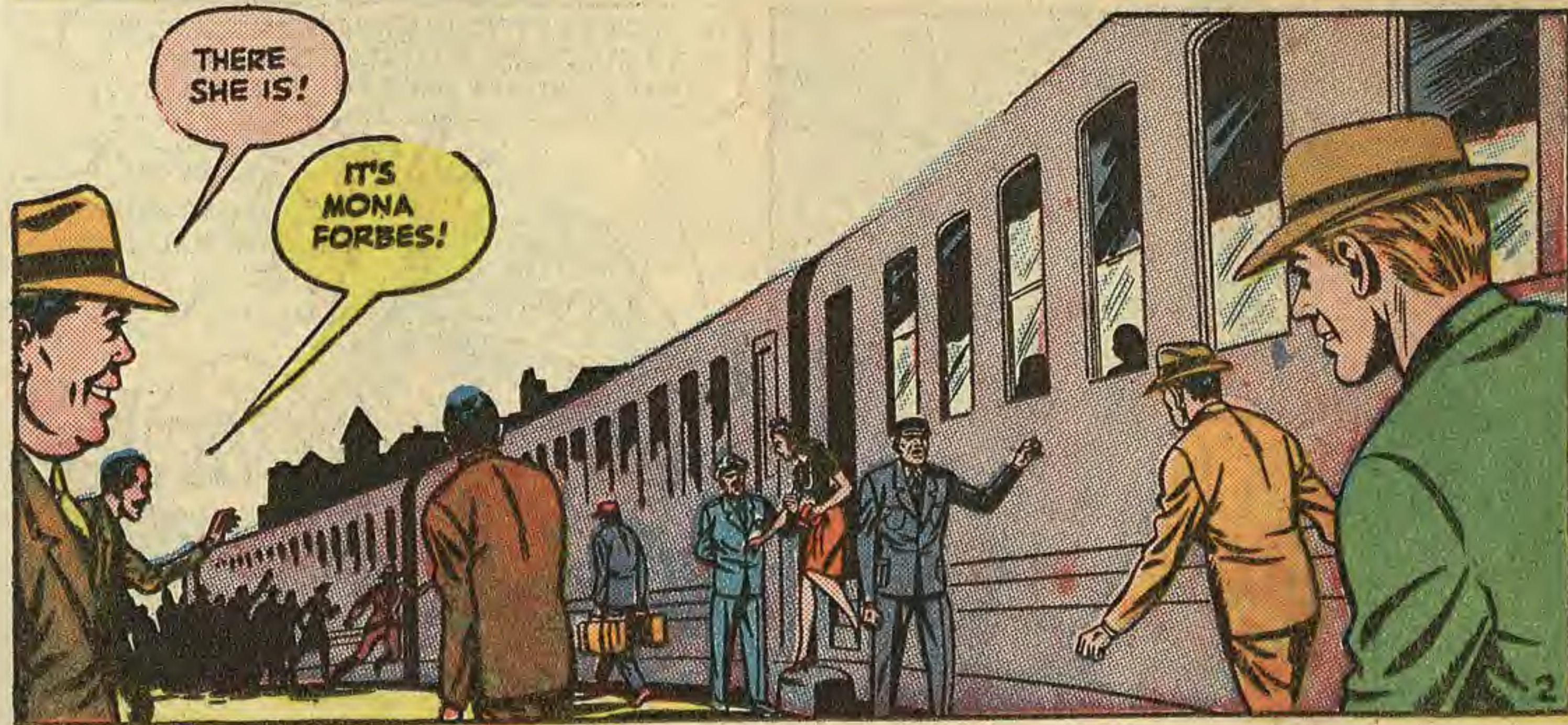
Rookie RANKIN

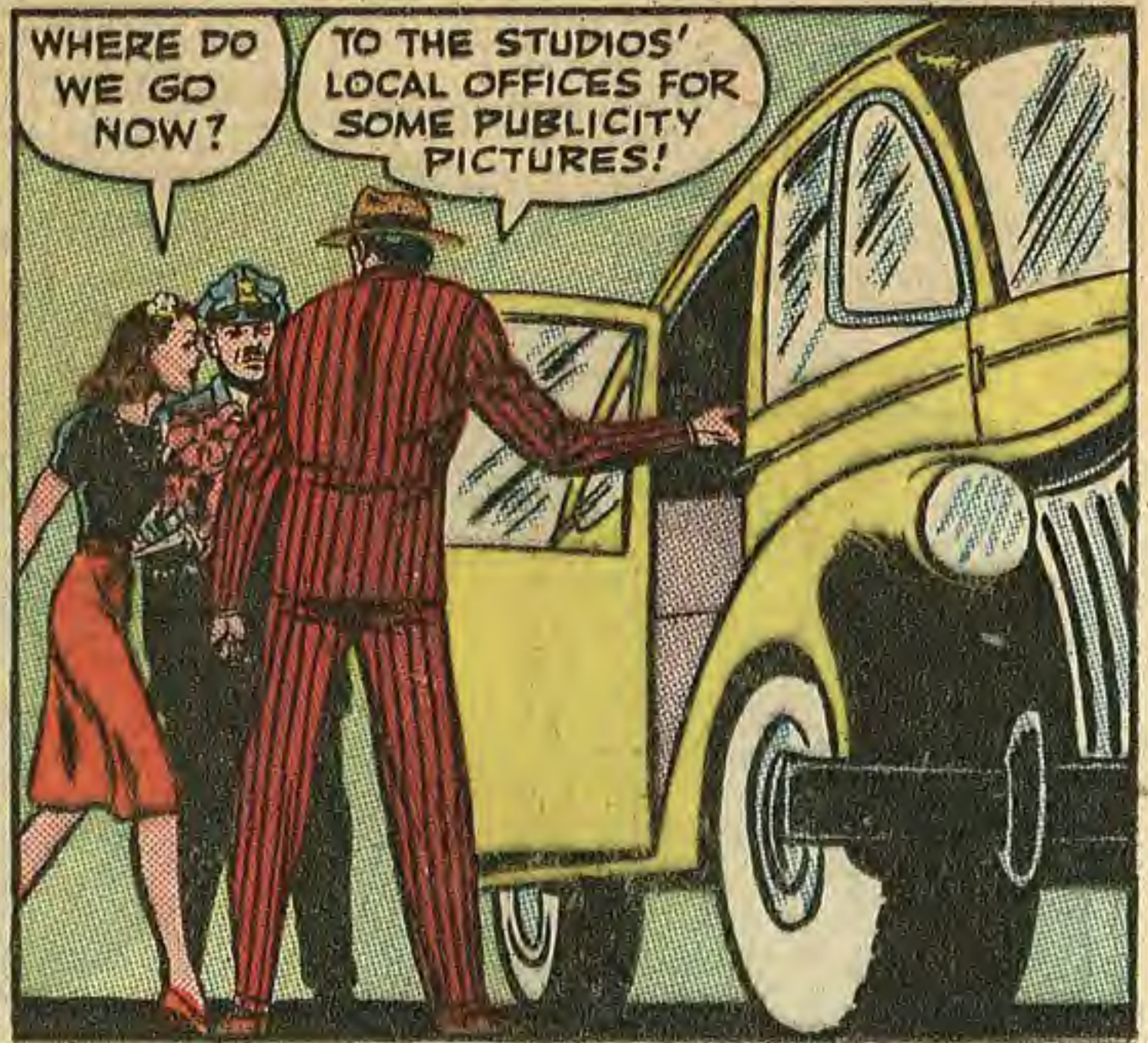
The fabulous necklace of Rajidore on the lovely throat of a Hollywood queen brought out more than the usual quota of fans! City officials and smart crooks ... trigger-happy killers and guardians of the law!...



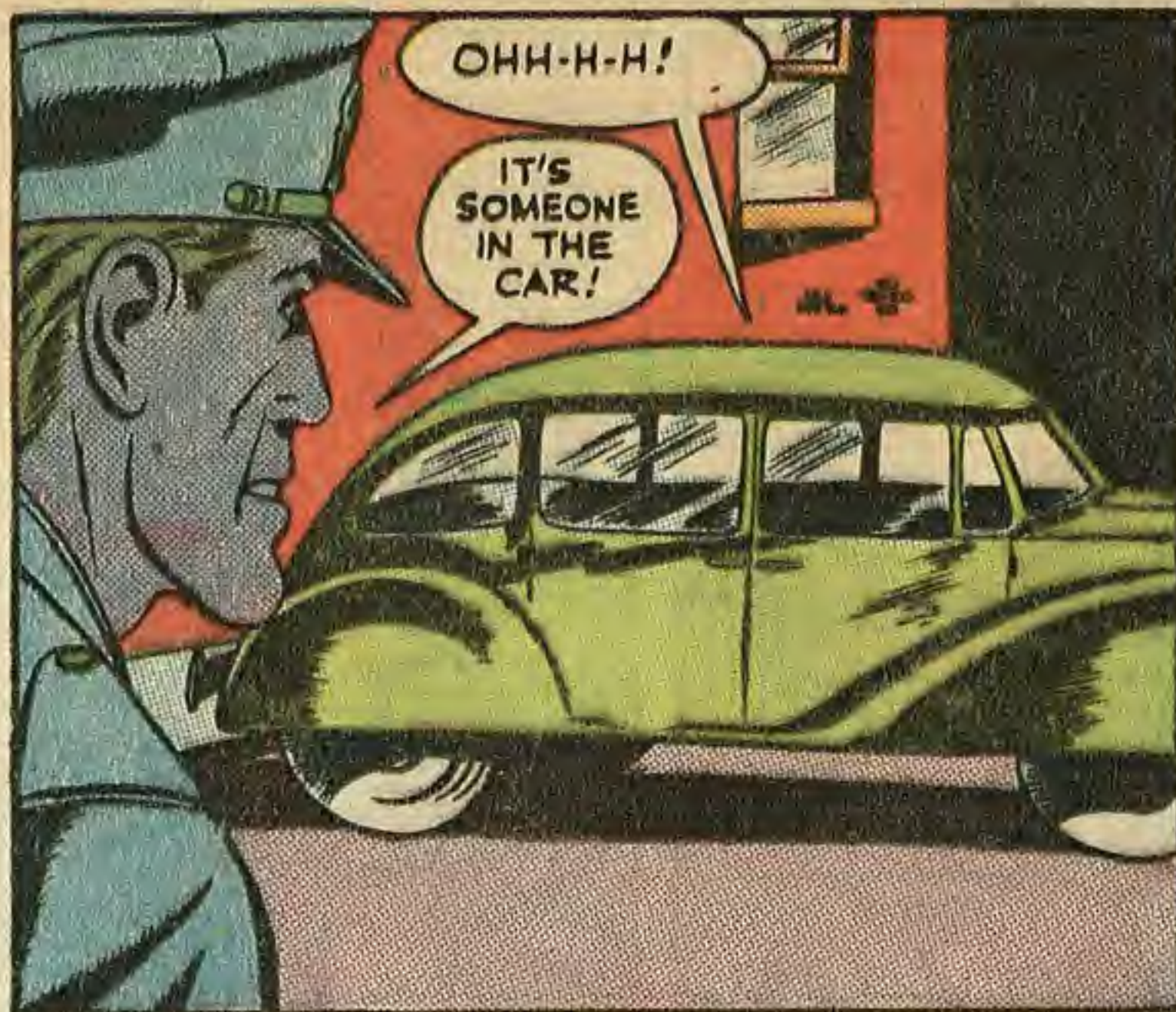
LITTLE wonder that Rookie Rankin had his hands full telling them apart and trying to keep the town's glamorous visitor alive!

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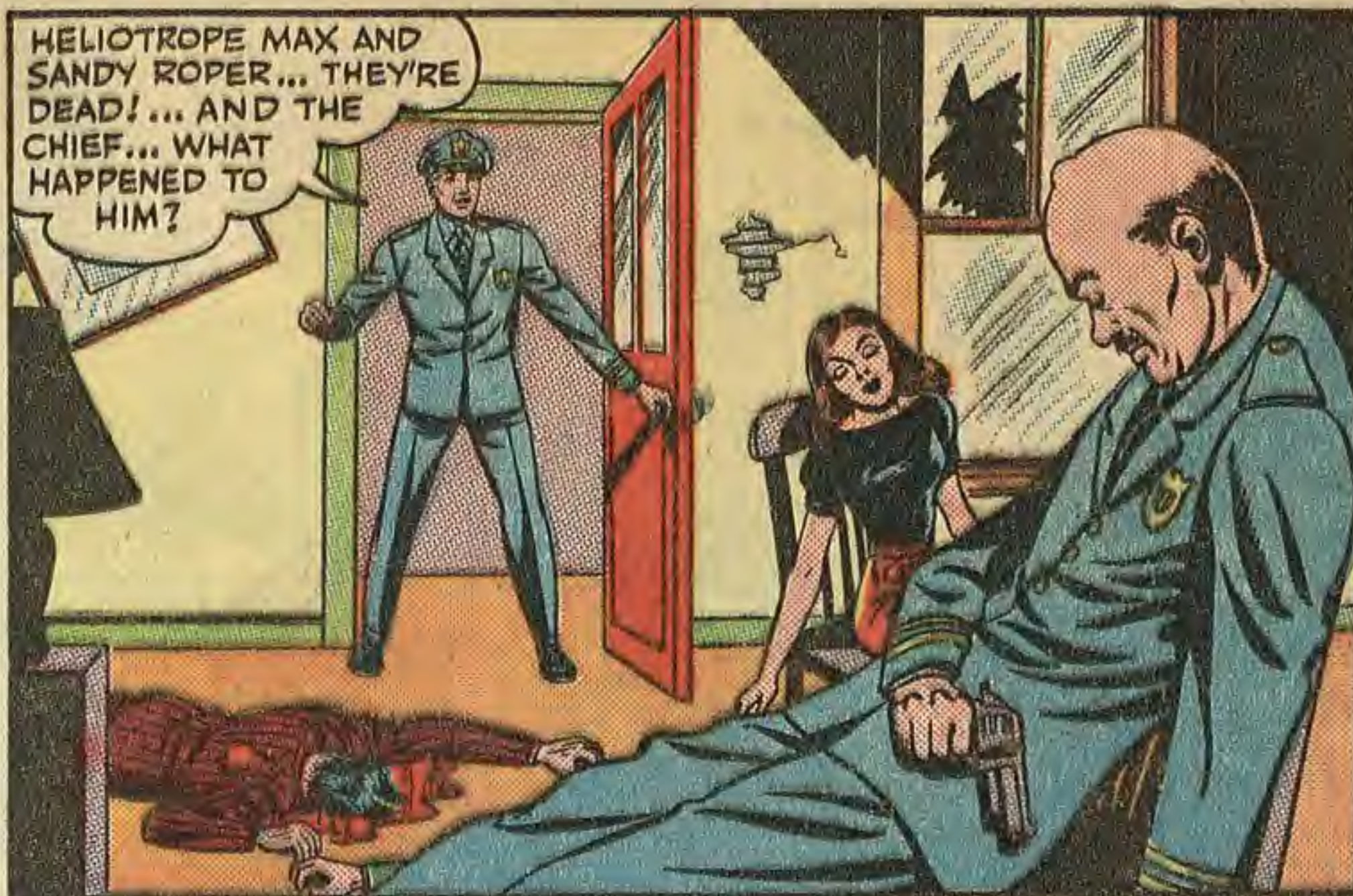




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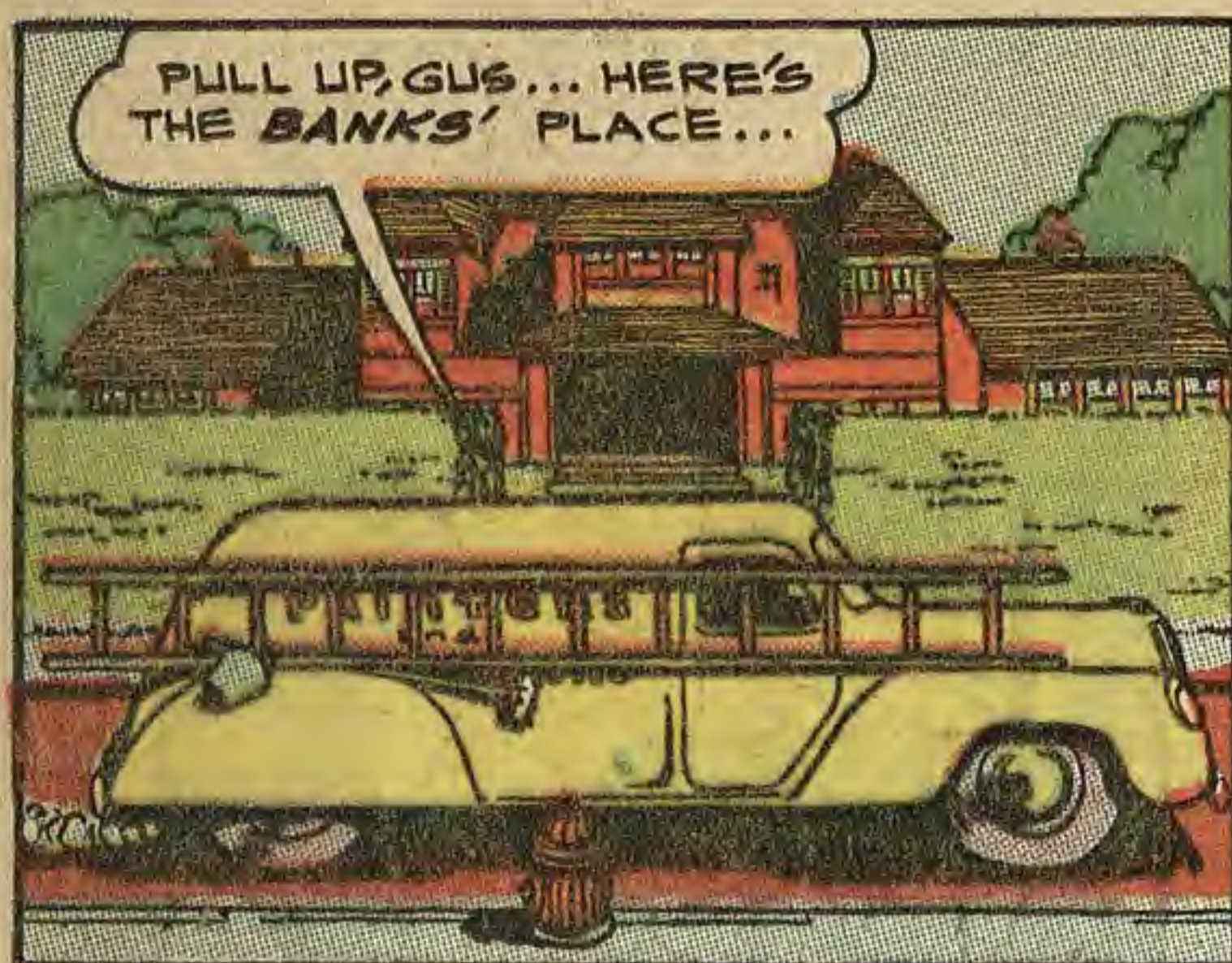
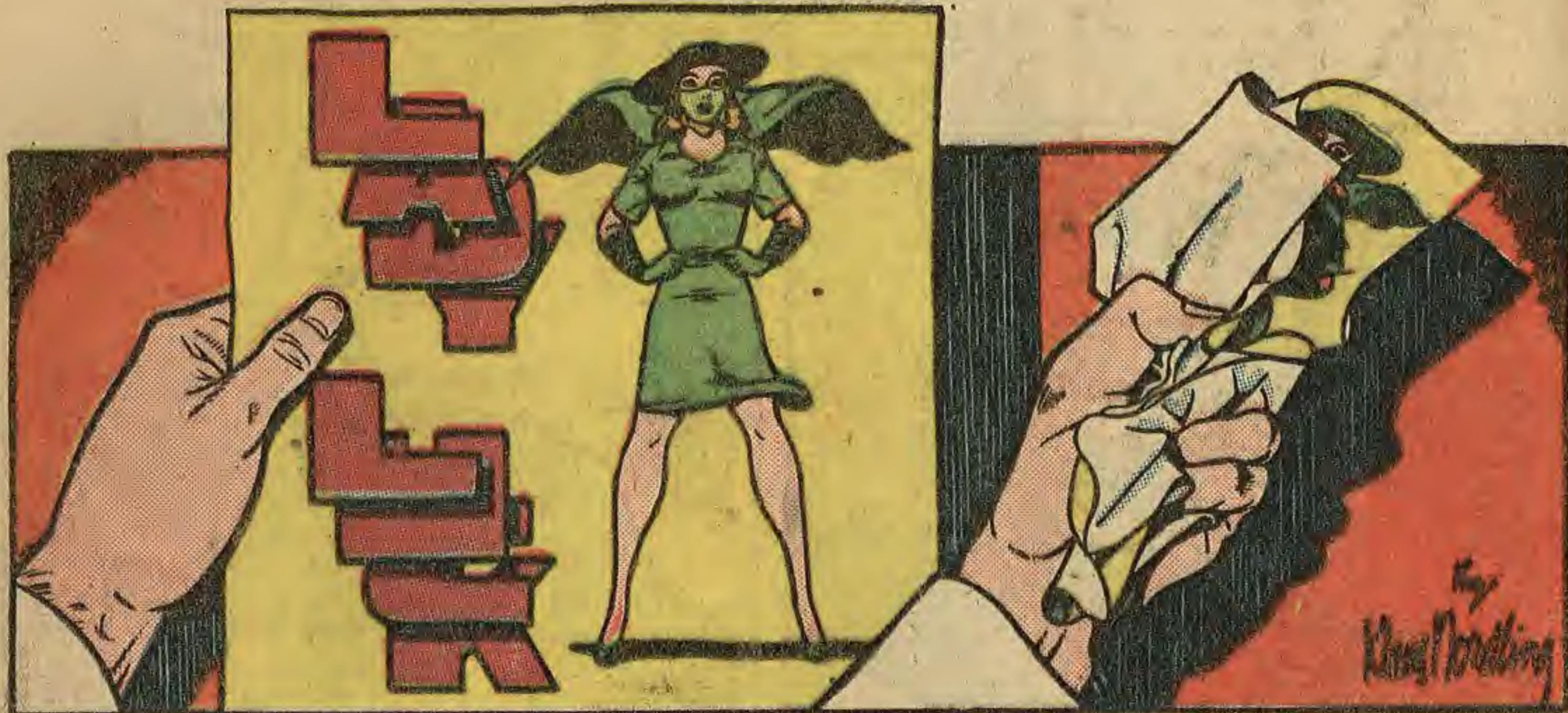












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PHONE THE POLICE TO COME AND COLLECT THESE BEETLES, **PEECOLO!** I'M GOING TO LOOK IN ON THE PAPER-HANGERS!...

LOOK, BOYS.. **MISS BANKS** HAS BEEN INJURED! AND I PROPOSE TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU TWO HAD TO DO WITH IT!...

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! 'AT'S RIGHT.. **REACH!!**

COLONEL?...IT'S DONE!... YEAH... **BRENDA BANKS** IS NOW AMONG THE CASUALTIES.. SWELL... 4,000 BUCKS, YEAH!

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW!

WHO HIRED YOU?

COLONEL SNATH... THAT'S ALL WE KNOW HIM BY... DON'T KNOW HIS ADDRESS.. THAT NUMBER IS A PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH... HE COVERED HIMSELF PRETTY GOOD!

"**COLONEL**" **SNATH!**... THE ONLY ONE WHO SUSPECTS THAT **BRENDA BANKS** AND **LADY LUCK** ARE THE SAME PERSON! AS LONG AS HE THINKS I'M OUT OF THE WAY, HE'LL EXPOSE HIS HAND SOON!....

I CAN'T SAY I APPROVE, **HELGA!**... EITHER THESE PAINTERS DIDN'T FINISH THEIR LESSONS.. OR THEIR TECHNIQUE IS TOO RADICAL FOR ME....

YA, **MR BANKS!**

AH-M! THE MOST CHEERING PHONE CALL I'VE ENJOYED IN A LONG TIME! **HEIGH-HO....** **LADY LUCK** WILL NEVER INTERCEDE IN MY PROFITABLE ENTERPRISES AGAIN!

EEE

ESPIONAGE

**HIS LIFE HANGS EVER
BY A SLENDER THREAD--**

LIVING FROM PERIL TO PERIL,
BLACK X, MASTER SPY OF
THE UNITED NATIONS, CAR-
RIES THE STANDARD OF
COUNTER-INVASION FAR
INTO UNKNOWN LANDS

IN XANXAL, THE THRICE
FORBIDDEN KINGDOM DEEP
IN ASIA...

WHAT IS THE DISTURBANCE
OUTSIDE, DOG OF A COUN-
CILLOR?

GREAT QUEEN
MAI, STRANGERS
HAVE CROSSED
OUR BORDERS,
FIGHTING WITH
EACH OTHER..



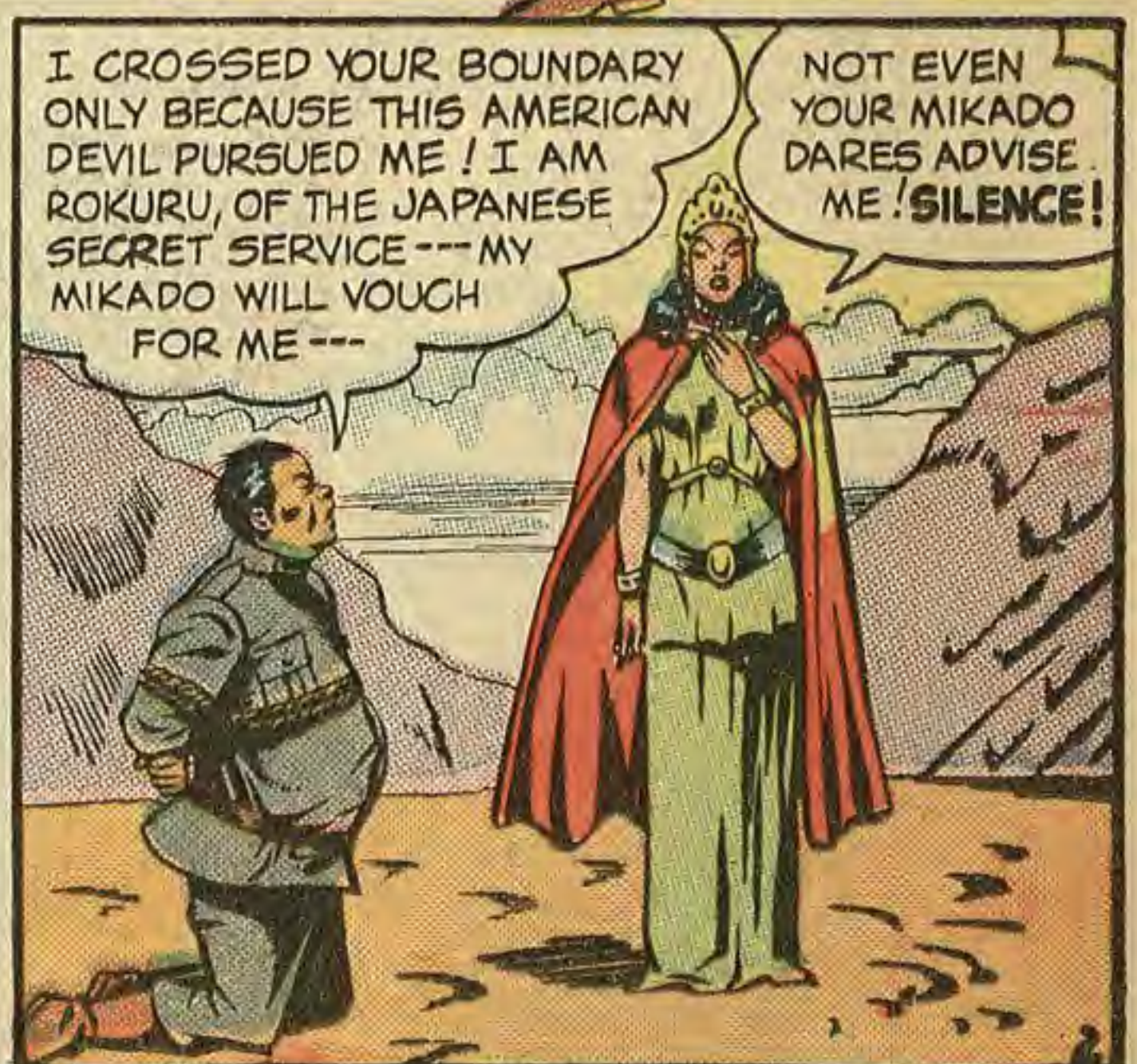
ANOTHER HIT
BATU! TWO
HITS!

FIRE AGAIN, MASTER!
KILL THAT JAPANESE
SPY CAPTAIN, ROKURU!



BY QUEEN MAI'S ORDERS
- SEIZE THE FOREIGNERS!





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RISE, MARCH THE OTHER TWO CAPTIVES TO PRISON! BUT AS FOR THIS IMPUDENT ONE---



FOR HIS DEFIANCE, HE SHALL DIE WITHIN THE HOUR! AND I SHALL WATCH!



THIS OUT-LANDER IS BOUND AND HELPLESS! SLASH HIM TO PIECES FOR THE QUEEN'S PLEASURE!

AND FOR MY PLEASURE, TOO!



BUT, AS THE SWORD SWEEPS DOWN---

TIMED TO THE INSTANT! THANKS FOR CUTTING ME LOOSE!



I'LL PAY YOU BY SHOWING YOU A TRICK OF AMERICAN SELF-DEFENSE!

OFFICER, CUT HIM DOWN!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU XANXAL BULLIES AREN'T SO GOOD AGAINST ARMED ENEMIES!



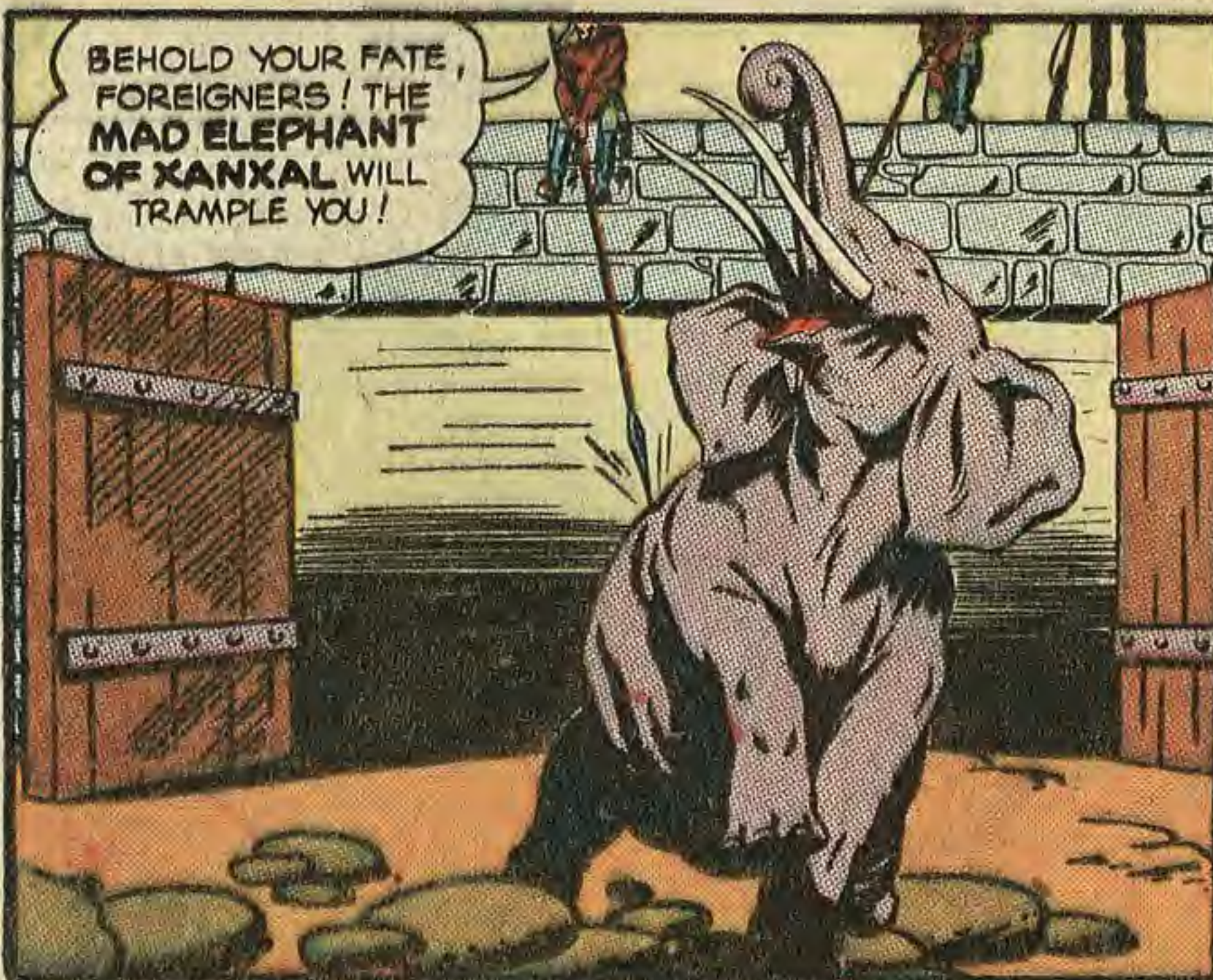
SO---NOW YOU'RE HELPLESS!

THE FOREIGNER, BLACK X, IS A SWORD-MASTER!



WHAT, YOU DO NOT KILL HIM?

WHEN HE CAN'T FIGHT BACK? I'M NO COWARD, QUEEN MAI!



BATU SUMMONS HIS MIGHTY POWERS OF HYPNOTISM...

STOP, CLUMSY BEAST! YOU DARE NOT TRAMPLE YOUR SUPERIOR! BOW---BOW TO MY POWER OF WILL!



SEE! THE MAD ELEPHANT **KNEELS**, LIKE A SERVANT!

IT FREES THE CAPTIVES FROM THEIR NECK-BOARD!



NOW, MY MIGHTY BROTHER---LIFT ME TO YOUR BACK AND CARRY ME TO SAFETY!



FLY! BLACK MAGIC!

THE LAWS OF XANXAL ARE OVERTHROWN!



THEY FORGET ME---BUT I AM FREE! I SHALL DESTROY BLACK X AND MAKE THIS STUPID COUNTRY MY TOOL!



DISGRACED! WHEN THE NATION LEARNS THAT BLACK X OVERTHREW ME---

I HEAR YOU, FRIEND! OVERTHROW **BLACK X**! I'LL HELP YOU!



YOUR QUEEN SEEMS TO HAVE LOST HER MIND OVER THE FOREIGNER! WARN THE PEOPLE!

THAT IS TRUE, ROKURU! COME AND BE MY ALLY!



JEALOUS NOBLEMEN
LISTEN READILY TO THE
CHARGES...

I HAVE POWER!
LET US BUILD
A **REBELLION!**

LONG HAVE I SUSPECTED
THAT QUEEN MAI SHOULD
BE DEPOSED!



THE PEOPLE OF XANXAL HEAR
AND BELIEVE---

THE STRANGERS HAVE BEWITCHED
THE QUEEN ---IF SHE CONTINUES
TO RULE, WE ARE LOST!

**DOWN WITH QUEEN
MAI! ATTACK THE
PALACE!**



QUICK, BEFORE SHE
CAN PREPARE A
DEFENSIVE!

FOLLOW US ---TO
VICTORY!



YOUR MAJESTY! AN
ARMED MOB HEADS
THIS WAY--TO KILL
YOU!

QUICK, QUEEN MAI!
WHERE ARE THE
WEAPONS YOU
TOOK FROM
BATU AND
ME?



**DEATH TO
QUEEN MAI!**

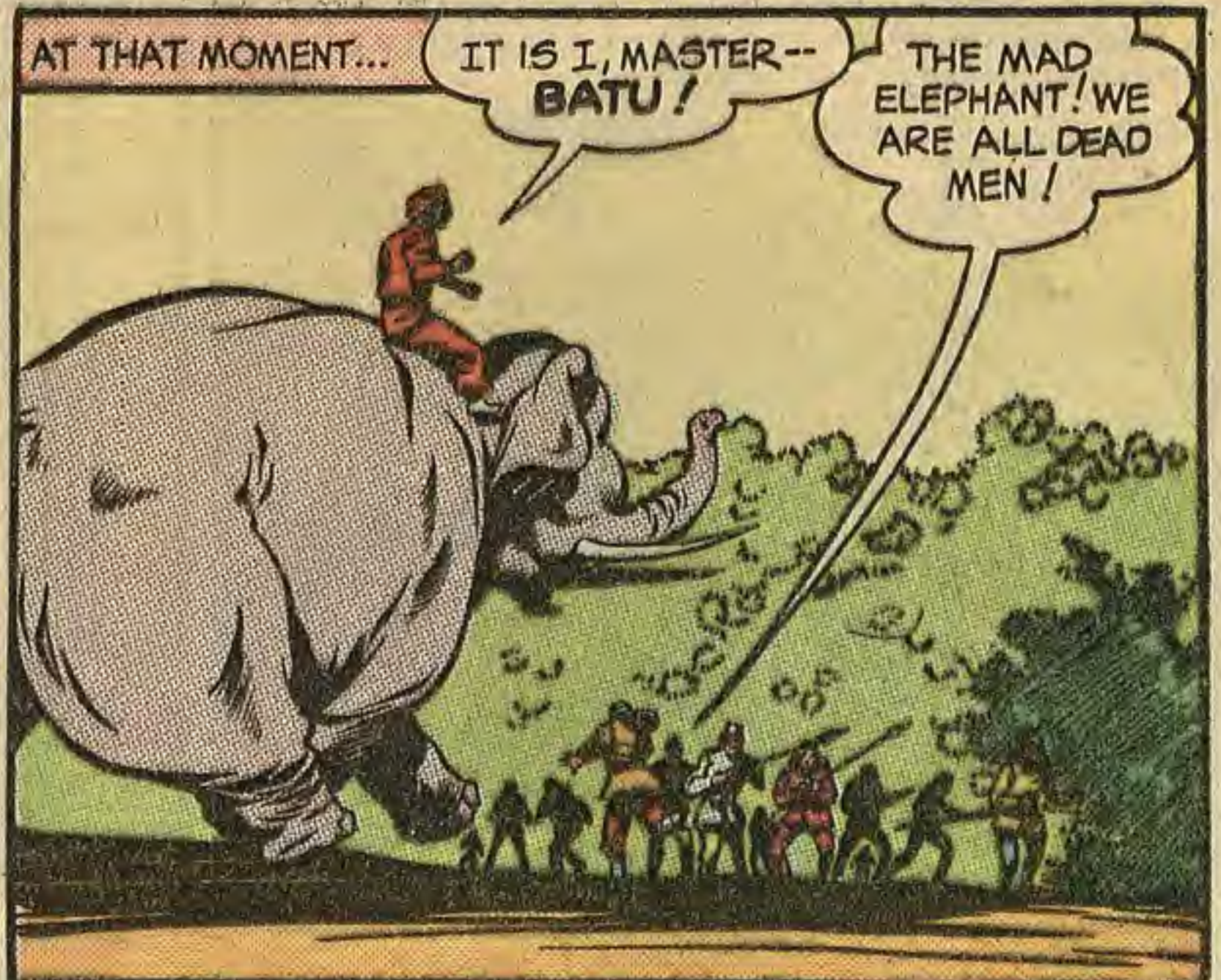
GOOD! GOOD! LATER WE
JAPANESE SHALL ASSUME
COMMAND HERE!



BLACK X, I HAVE
FAITH THAT YOU
WILL TRIUMPH!

WHAT **ONE MAN**
CAN DO SHALL
BE DONE!







CLOUD of DEATH

THEY had come again. Hissing, clouding the sun, they came in a gigantic blanket of dark death. Death for all living things in the fields.

The old chief turned his eyes heavenward and muttered strange words of bitter renunciation. The gods had failed him. Failed him after all the mighty medicine he had made against just this annual catastrophe.

He had the drums sounded, and the boom-boom thudded through the darkening day, reaching to every limit of the broad African valley. Warriors laid down their spears and knives and bows. Hurriedly they came from every corner of the valley, to the hut of the old chief, Ogo.

"My children," he told them as they stood shivering with fear at this strange phenomenon, "you have work to do. Take flails and drive the little green devils off. Else there will be no grain and the people will starve to death."

And so the tribe of Ogo went forth into the dark fields and whirled their flails and cried out in tones meant to frighten the little green devils. But it did small good.

The locust swarms had been particularly big and ferocious during the last three years—since the white men had come into the territory to sink their deep shafts below the earth in search of oil.

Several hundred of them were encamped not five miles from the village of Ogo. Three tall, ugly derricks reared into the sky. And under each of them a puffing, panting engine pumped black oil from the bowels of the earth.

Ogo couldn't figure for the life of him what these foolish

white men wanted with the black, sticky stuff they pumped from below the surface.

Another thing. Once several warriors had been stricken with terrible stomach pains, and the white men's doctor had come to the village and treated the men. They had grown even more violently ill after the treatment, feeling sure that the white doctor had poisoned them.

Of course the white medicine man had explained that they would be sick for an hour or so after taking the pills, but they couldn't understand that. They thought he meant to kill them.

So a black mark was laid against the medicine man of the white men.

Many marks were lodged against the whites by the time the locust swarm had ravaged the fields for three whole days. The warriors were tottering with fatigue, swinging their flails. They had even set fires, but that only drove the locusts to another nearby field.

"It is the work of the white devils," said Ogo somberly. "They bring the black plague and strike my warriors ill because they want to hire them to work for nothing. We will rise against them, my brothers!"

It didn't take much urging to set the tribe against the whites. Already the latter had lured fifty or more of the blacks to the workers' camps, where they labored under the broiling sun for a pittance. Really, it was much more than they had ever earned, because they had never earned anything before.

The English foremen were not slave drivers, but Ogo resented his young men leaving him to work for the foreigners. Those who worked thus were

given much colored cloth and beads and—better than all—large twists of sweet-smelling tobacco. With these things they strutted through the camp! There was bitter jealousy. And plenty of fights.

"We will wipe them out once and for all!" cried Ogo. "Even tonight we will go, while they sleep, and butcher them!"

Yells of delight greeted the chief's words. Nothing they liked better, those warriors of Ogo's, than a good fight. They fell to sharpening their spears, tipping their arrows, fashioning heavy war clubs.

Just past midnight, Colonel Kemper, head of the oil-drilling activities, was roused by his boy.

"Bwana," panted the young black, "Ogo's warriors come. They carry torches. They sing the battle song!"

"What is this?" Col. Kemper leaped out of his bunk, buckling on his revolver. He had slept in his clothes, too tired to remove them when the work day had ended. Oil was badly needed by the fighting men.

"You mean they are attacking us?" yelled the old British colonel.

"It is so, Bwana," simpered the black, fully aware what awaited all blacks caught in the compound of the hated English. Ogo's men would make short work of all such backsliders.

Soon the camp was roused, and white men went dashing about, grasping rifles and pistols. The hired blacks cowered in their huts at the edge of the camp.

Ogo's men charged one of the derricks, hurling torches into the black pool of oil that lay deep

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around it. Instantly the gaseous oil broke into flame. The crackling fire mingled with the savage yells of the attacking natives. Rifles barked. Men screamed and fell. Arrows zipped through the dark. Spears thudded into yielding flesh.

Two of the derricks were aflame. The hired blacks went dashing off into the jungle yelling like banshees. Col. Kemper danced about, feeling impotent, unable to do anything.

Then a young man in American Army uniform dashed up to him. "Let me talk to them," he shouted above the din. "Get them quiet if you can! I think I can stop this."

It took fifteen minutes for Col. Kemper to get the attention of the maddened attackers. In fluent Swahili he addressed them, telling them that a man who came to Africa on a great bird would speak to them.

When things were quiet, Col. Kemper turned to Jimmy Christian, the young American. "All right, Jimmy. I hope to heaven you have something good. Give it to me and I'll translate."

Jimmy began (Col. Kemper translating):

"Good people, you are wrong in fighting the men who pump the black fluid from the soil. There is a great war going on not far from this valley. If the enemy should win you would all be killed, enslaved. Listen! The little green devils are ravaging your fields. You cannot stop them. But I can, good friends. I can stop the green devils and save your fields."

Jimmy paused. A low murmur began in the ranks of the blacks. Ogo muttered disdainfully. How can the young men who came on a great bird stop the green devils when his finest warriors cannot drive them away?

"I can not do it," cried Jimmy, "but my great bird can.

Birds eat locusts, don't they? But did you ever see such a mighty bird as I ride? He eats locusts by the million at one feeding. He will rid your fields of the green devils in a few minutes. I only ask that you stop fighting. At dawn I will bring my great bird to your fields and the green devils will be gone in a flash. What say?"

Yells of agreement. Anything to stop the ravages of the insects. Ogo's warriors went home and peace fell over the oil camp. The fires were extinguished.

At dawn, Jimmy fashioned an unwieldy contraption for the belly of his twin-engined plane. Then he took off with a roar and was soon swooping low over the grain fields of Ogo. Hundreds of Ogo's people cowered back from the edges of the fields, watching the great bird scream across their insect-laden grain, throwing out a vast black pall of smoke that clung close to the ground.

The slipstream hurled the locusts far and wide. But they were dead before they landed again. Back and forth went Jimmy and the plane, soon covering every foot of the grain fields. And when he at last landed his ship near Ogo's hut,

every locust was dead. He climbed out of the cabin and approached the awe-struck chief. Col. Kemper was there to translate.

The blacks scattered over the fields, crying out as they saw the dead locusts everywhere, and not a living one.

"It is as I promised," Col. Kemper translated for Jimmy. "My bird killed every green devil in your fields, great Ogo. All I ask is that we have peace henceforth. What is your answer, O Chief?"

Ogo gravely nodded his head and extended his right hand in the white man's handclasp. Jimmy and Col. Kemper gripped his hand. "My brothers," said Ogo, "your magic is greater than mine. We are friends for all time. My warriors will help you bring the black fluid from the ground. Go in peace, O white brothers!"

"How did you do it?" Col. Kemper asked as they strode toward the oil camp. "That smoke screen."

"Injected some of your black surface oil," grinned Jimmy. "Makes a swell screen. Carbon monoxide gas killed the locusts. Simple, eh?"

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when

SMASH COMICS

gives you 56 inside pages...
and still sells for only

10¢

WIN CLON



THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

SMASH COMICS

In a deep, dark, dark lair....

After weeks of planning....



THEY SAY THAT RICH WIDOW SMITH CARRIES A MINT ON HER! I GOTTA PLAN THIS JOB PERFECT!



I'VE WATCHED HER EVERY DAY AN' SHE ALWAYS WALKS BY HERE PRECISELY AT 2:15 P.M.!



AH, WIDOW SMITH AND POCKET-BOOK. I PRESUME!

OH!



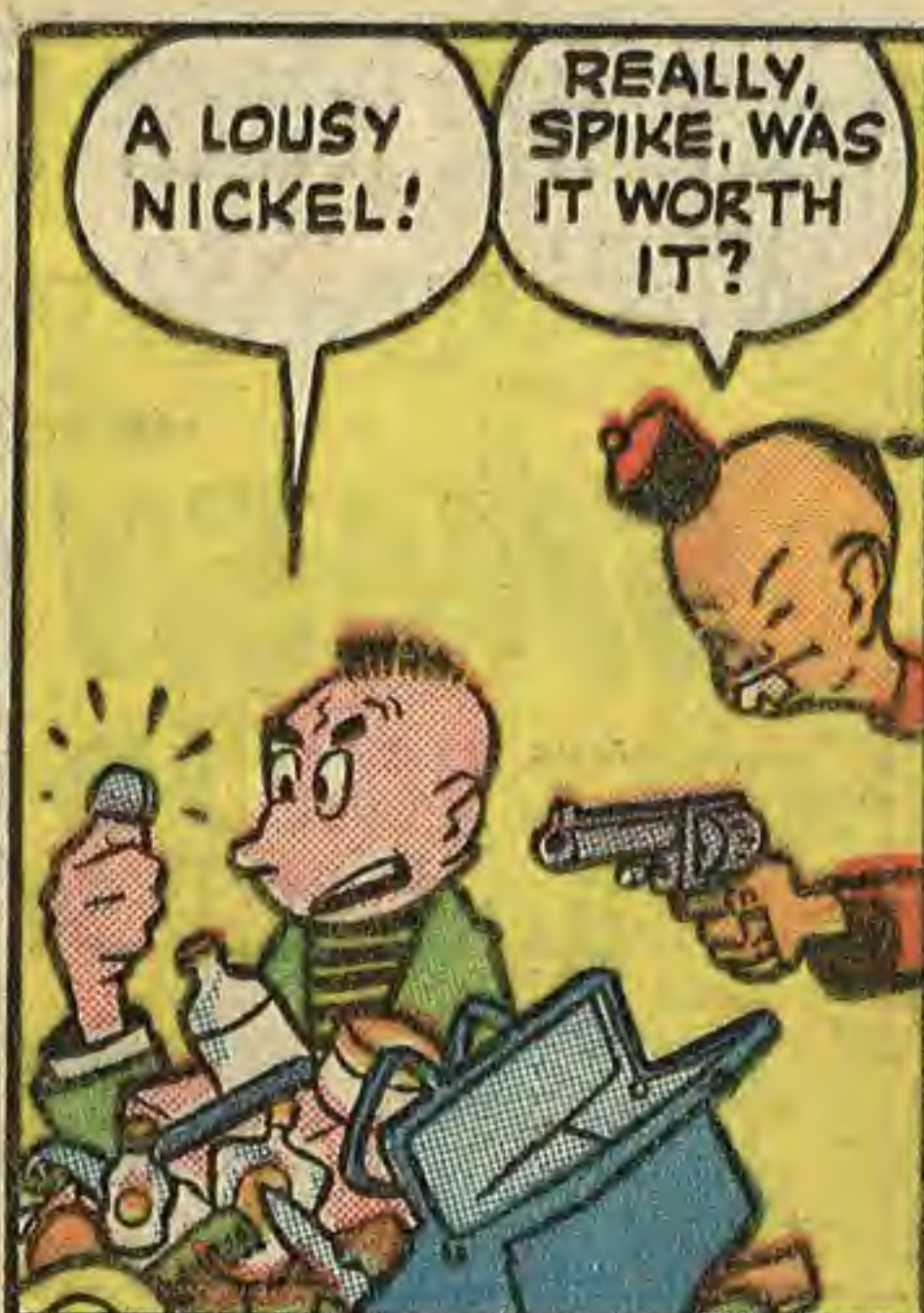
THAT WAS EASY!... NOW TO COUNT THE TAKE!... HMMM... A HANKY... LIPSTICK... MIRROR...



KEYS, POWDERPUFF, CARDS, COMPACT, CANDY, KLEENEX, NAIL POLISH, TWEEZERS, EYE-BROW PENCIL ---



MASCARA, ASPIRINS, PEN, PENCIL, SCISSORS, ADHESIVE TAPE, COLD CREAM, COMB, PERFUME, AND -- GULP!



A LOUSY NICKEL!

REALLY, SPIKE, WAS IT WORTH IT?



SOMETIMES I WONDER!

DAFFY

COAL MINING
ISN'T SUCH TOUGH
WORK, DAFFY! IT
ALL DEPENDS ON
HOW YOU LOOK
AT IT!

SURE ... IF
I COULD LOOK
AT IT FROM YOUR
POSITION, IT
MIGHT LOOK
BETTER TO
ME, TOO!



by
GINGER-

HAVE I GOT A TERRIFIC
WRESTLING MATCH ARRANGED?
RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE
COAL COUNTRY! JUST
THINK OF IT, DAFFY!

THINK
OF
WHAT?



WHY, WE'LL BE PERFORMING
BEFORE BIG COAL BARONS,
MILLIONAIRE RAILROAD
MEN, STEEL MAGNATES!
WE'LL BE MEETING
THE RIGHT PEOPLE!

YOU
MEAN WE'LL
BREAK INTO
SOCIETY?



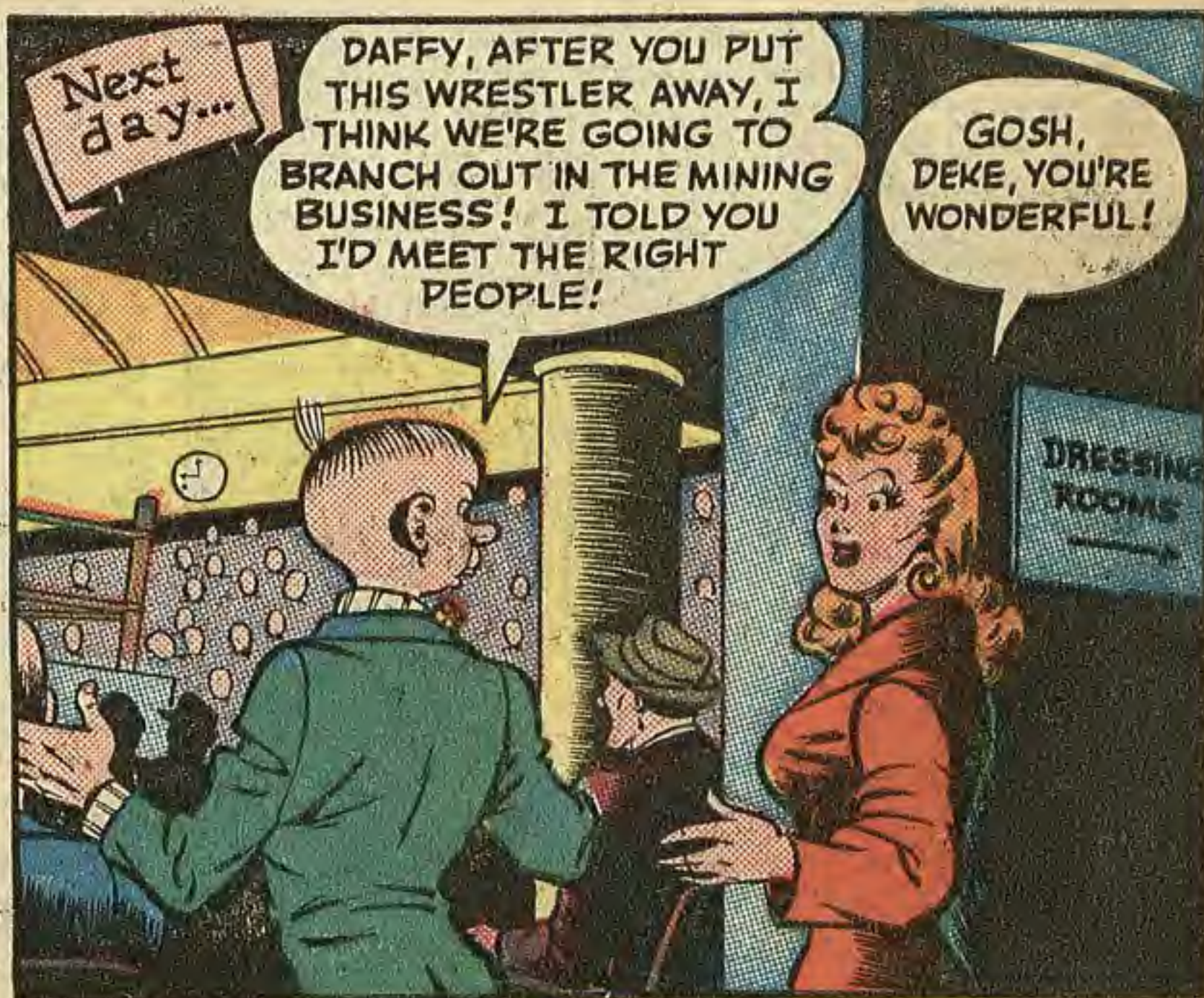
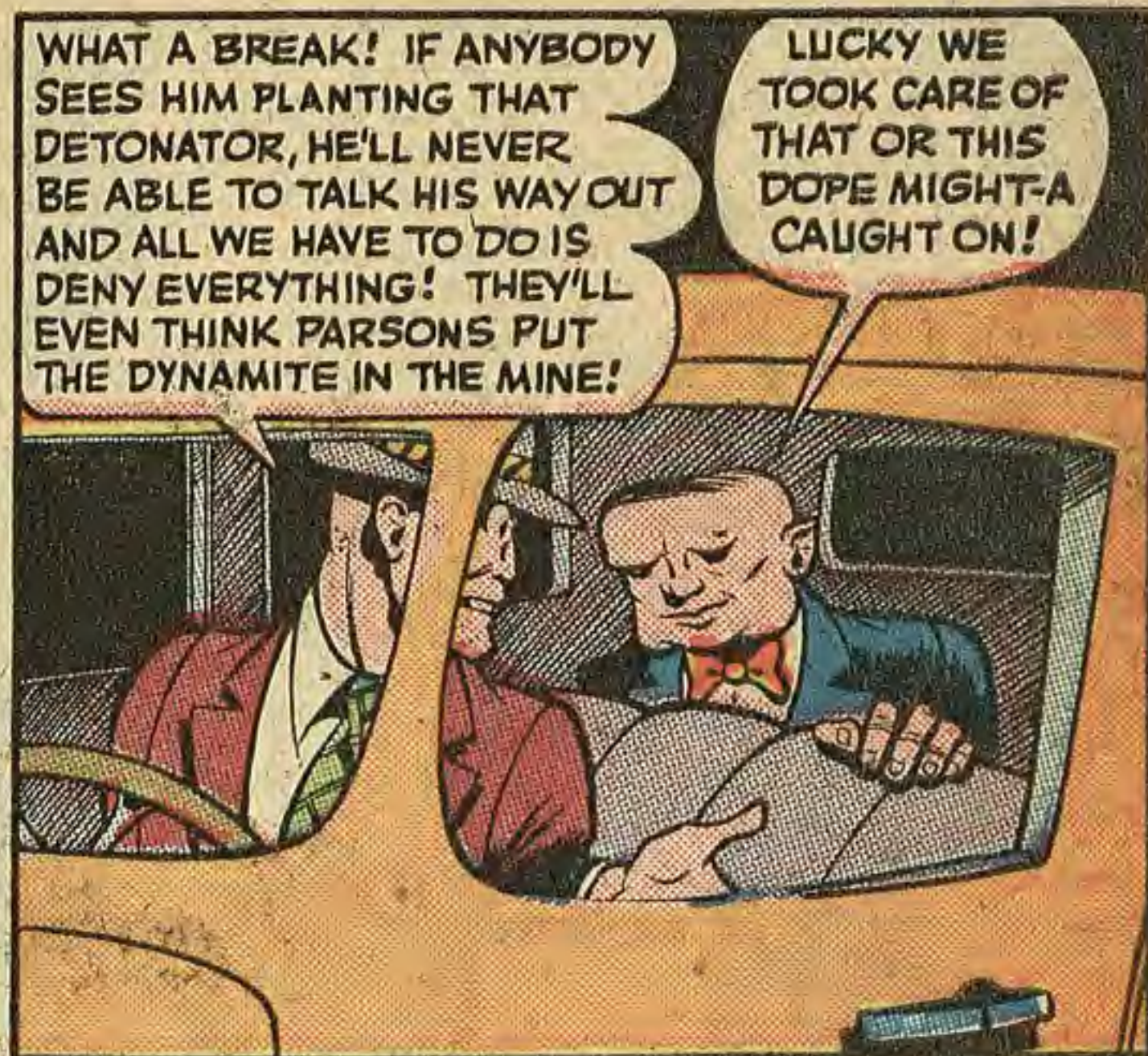
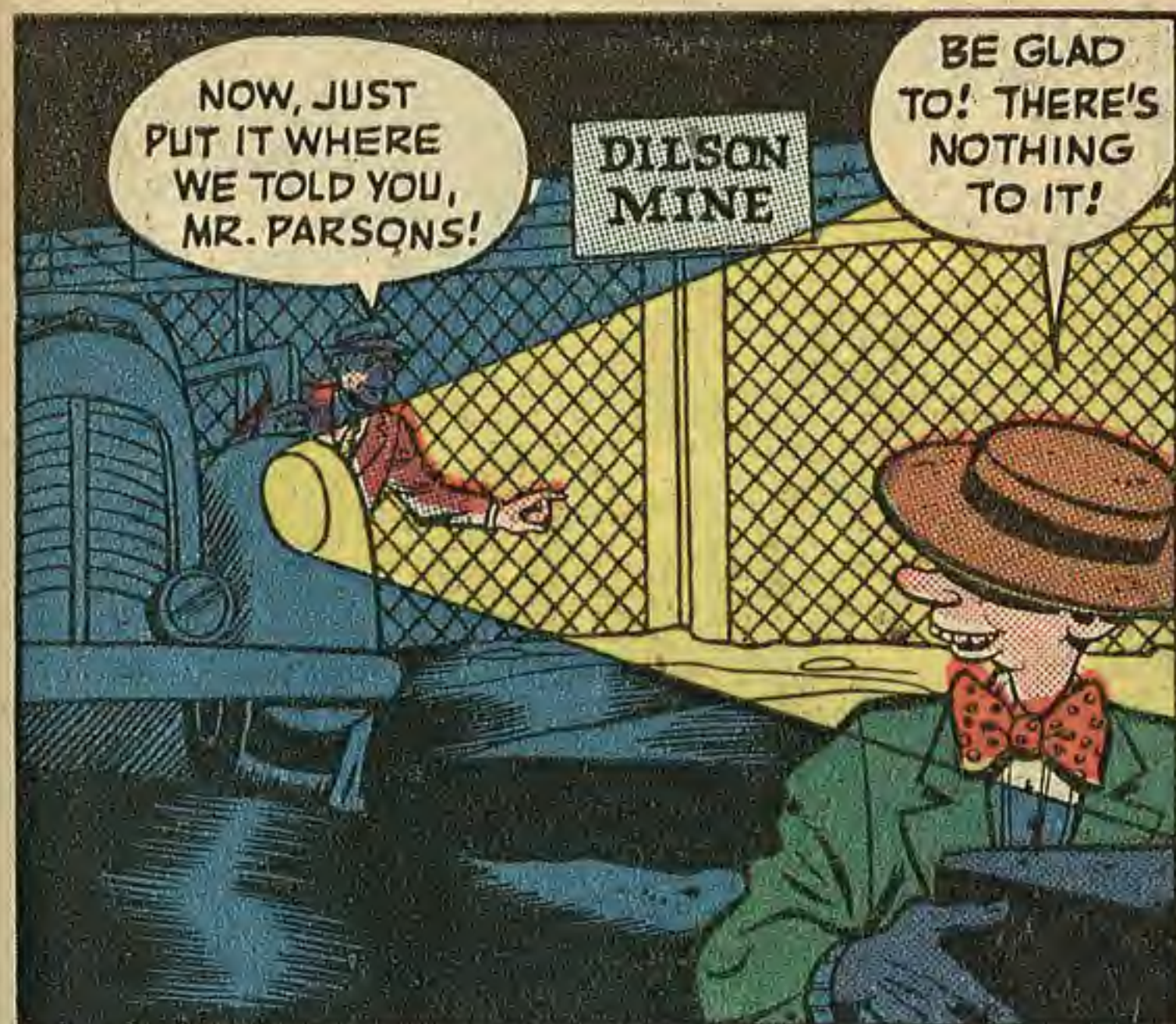
AND WHY NOT?
NOTHING'S TOO GOOD
FOR DEKE PARSONS
AND THE WRESTLER
HE MANAGES!

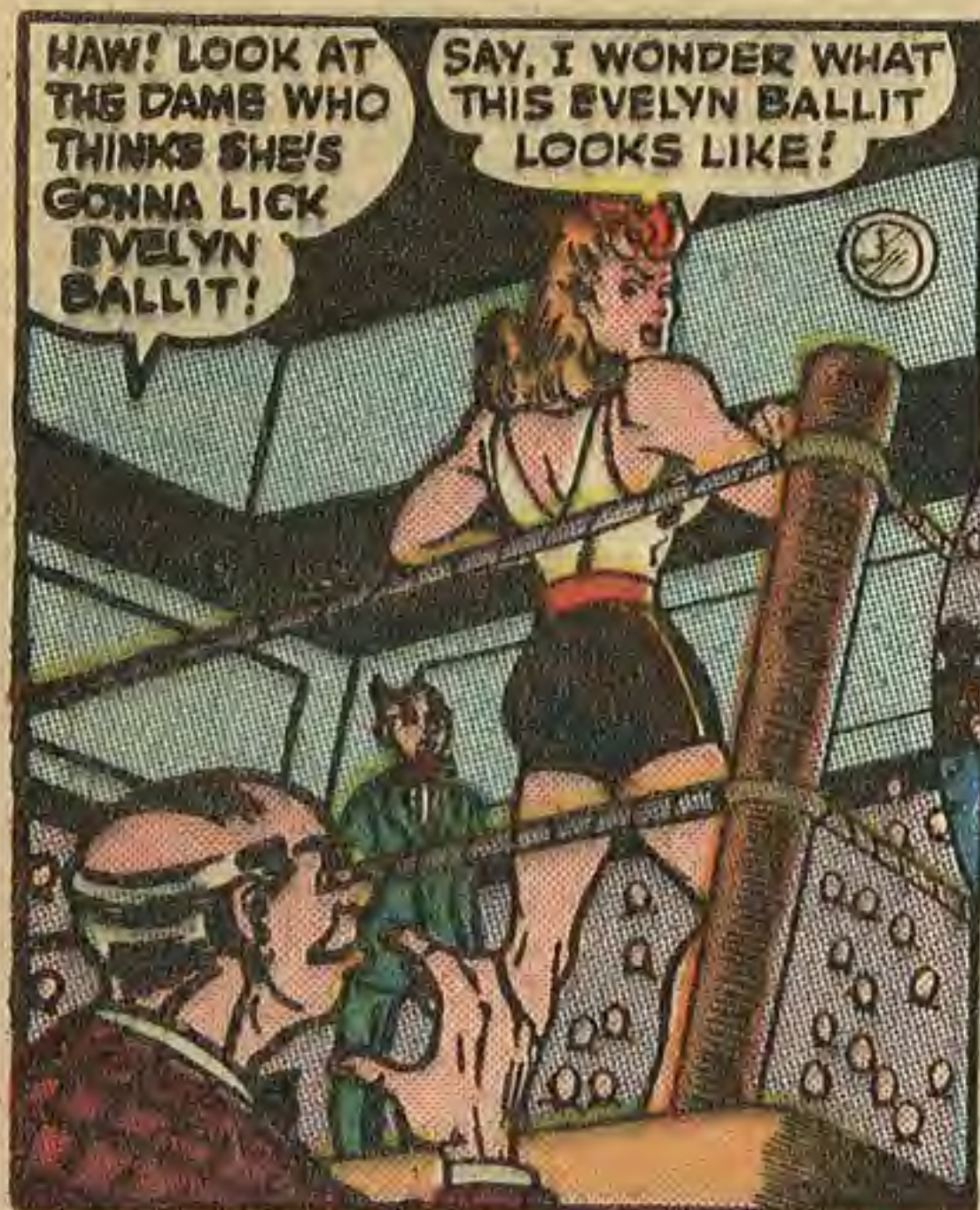
WHO'M I
FIGHTING,
DEKE?





SMASH COMICS





HAW! LOOK AT THE DAME WHO THINKS SHE'S GONNA LICK EVELYN BALLIT!

SAY, I WONDER WHAT THIS EVELYN BALLIT LOOKS LIKE!



MURDER HER, EVELYN!

EVELYN? ???

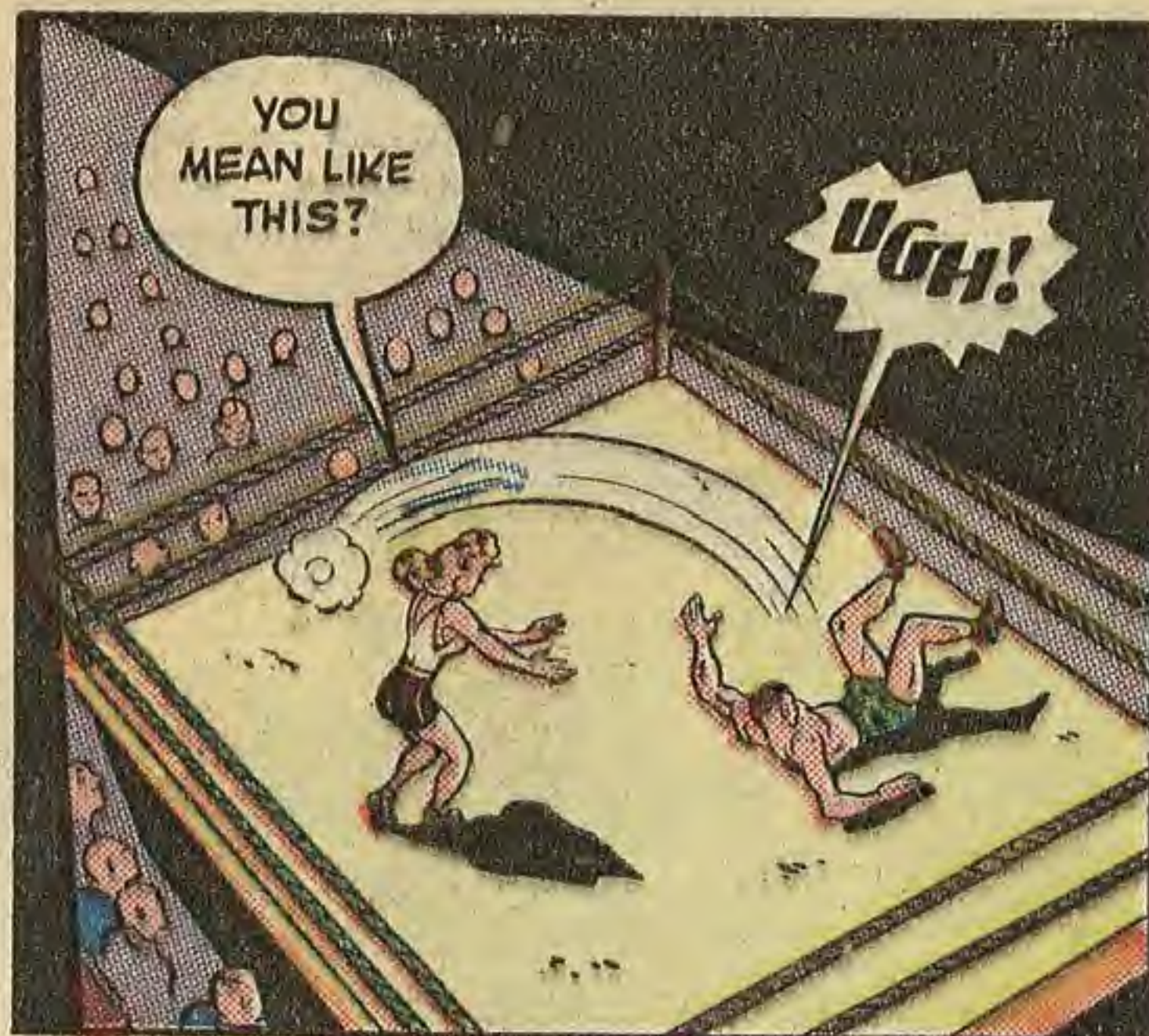


NO KIDDIN', LADY! I'M SORRY MY MANAGER GOT ME A FIGHT WITH A DAME! I DON'T WANNA HURT YOU BAD!

FORGET IT! NO MAN NAMED EVELYN IS GOING TO HURT ME!

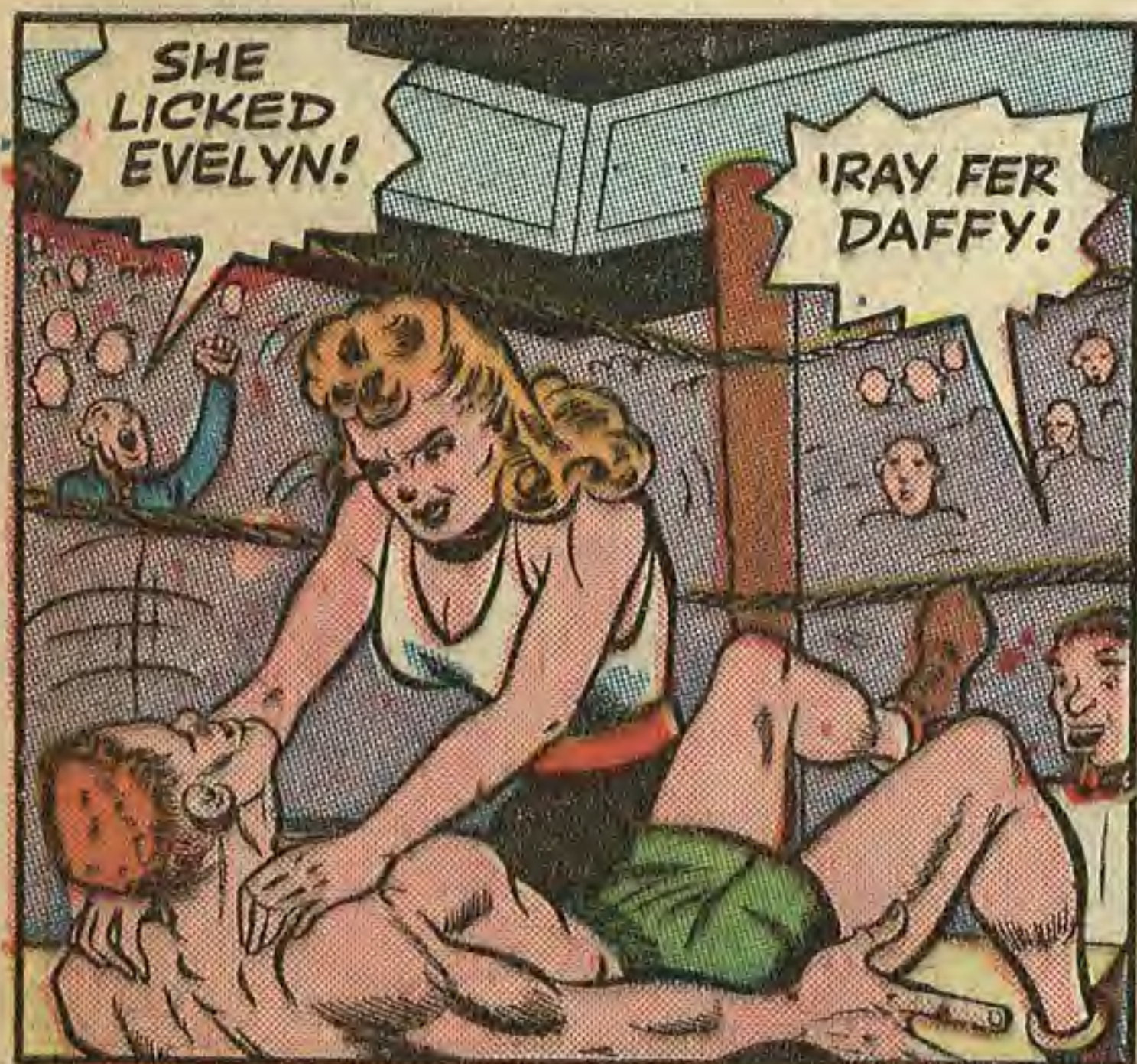


I GUESS I OUGHTTTER GET IT OVER WITH QUICK!



YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

UGH!



SHE LICKED EVELYN!

IRAY FER DAFFY!



ONLY REASON I LOST IS 'CAUSE I'M USED TO FIGHTIN' DOWN IN THE MINE PITS! I AIN'T ANY GOOD IN THESE RINGS! I TOLD THAT TO MY MANAGER!

I'LL GIVE YOU A RETURN MATCH ANY-TIME, ANY PLACE, EVELYN!

SMASH COMICS



A RETURN MATCH!
THAT'S A TERRIFIC
IDEA! I'LL TALK TO
HIS MANAGER!



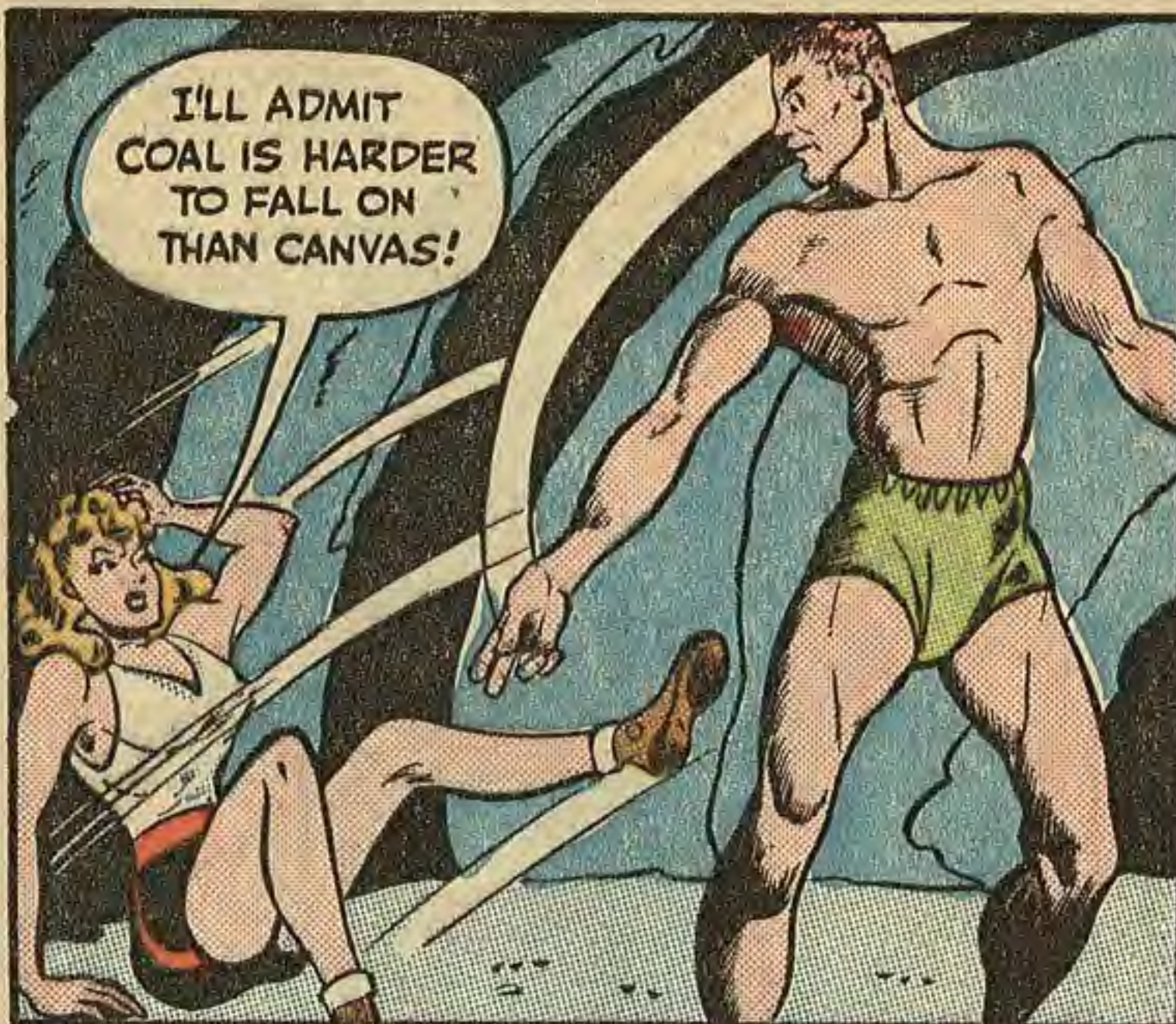
A day later...

HERE
COMES
DAFFY!

WAIT'LL
YOU SEE ME
THROW HER
NOW!



I FEEL
AT HOME
HERE!



I'LL ADMIT
COAL IS HARDER
TO FALL ON
THAN CANVAS!



...AS YOU'RE
ABOUT TO FIND
OUT, TOO!



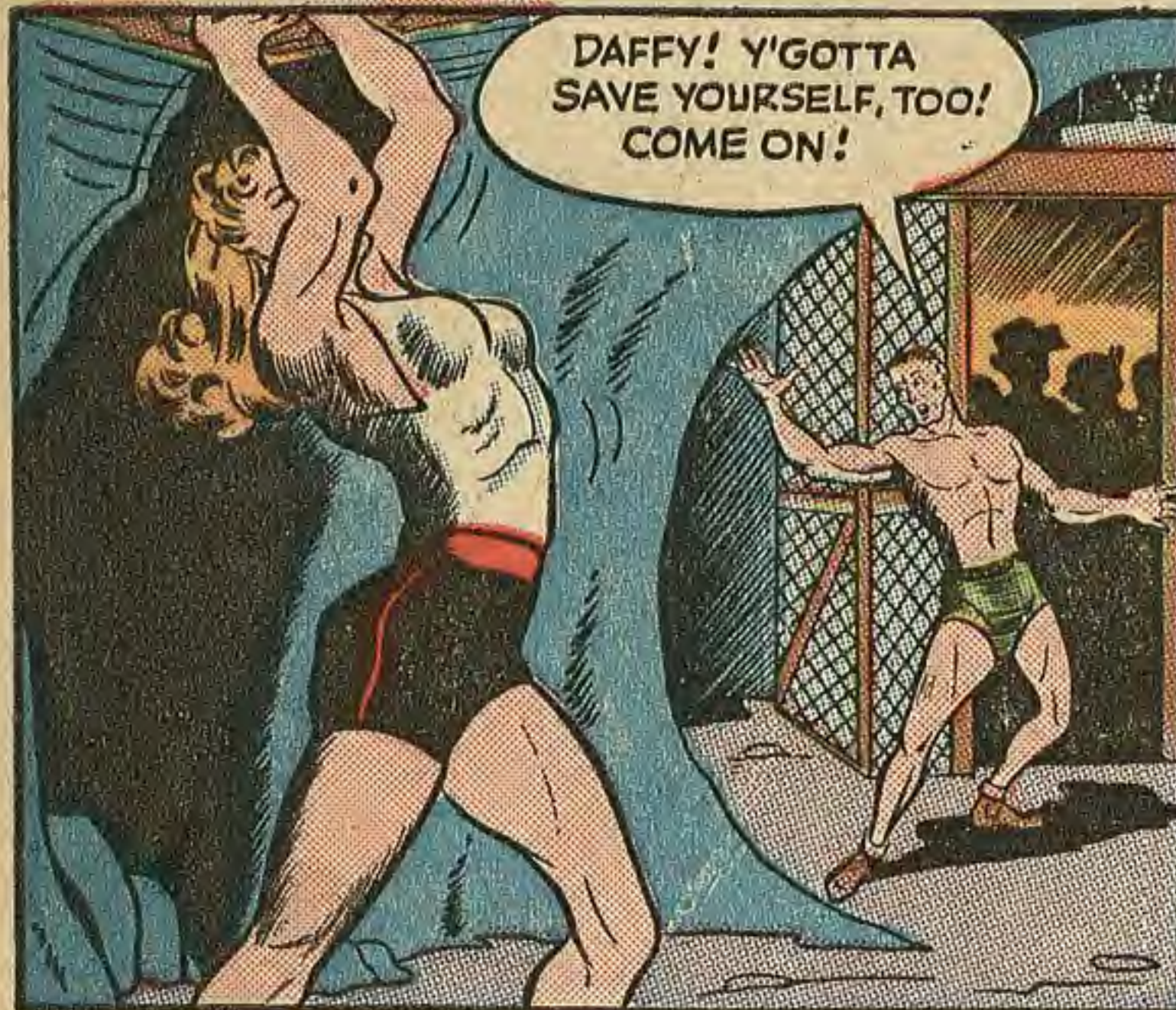
SHE'S DONE
IT AGAIN! THE
GAL'S TERRIFIC!

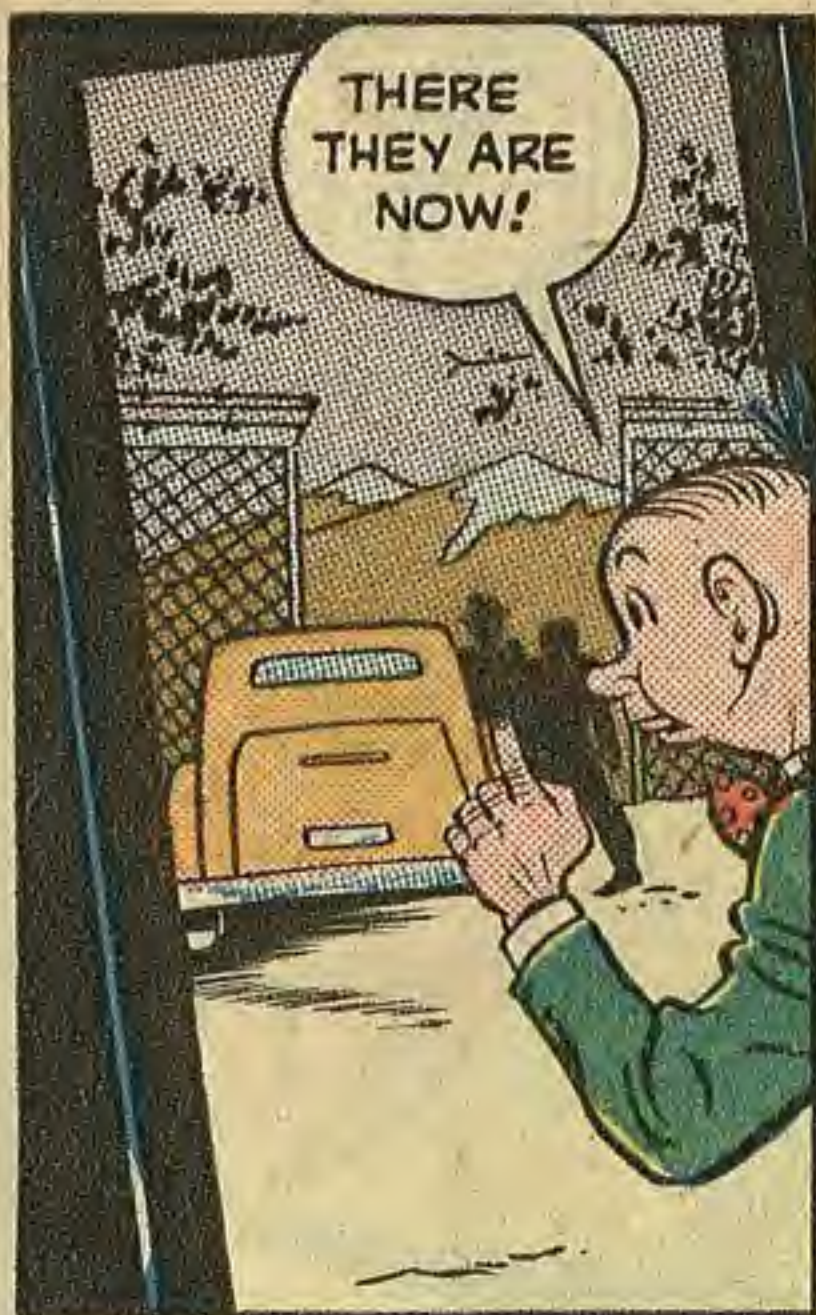
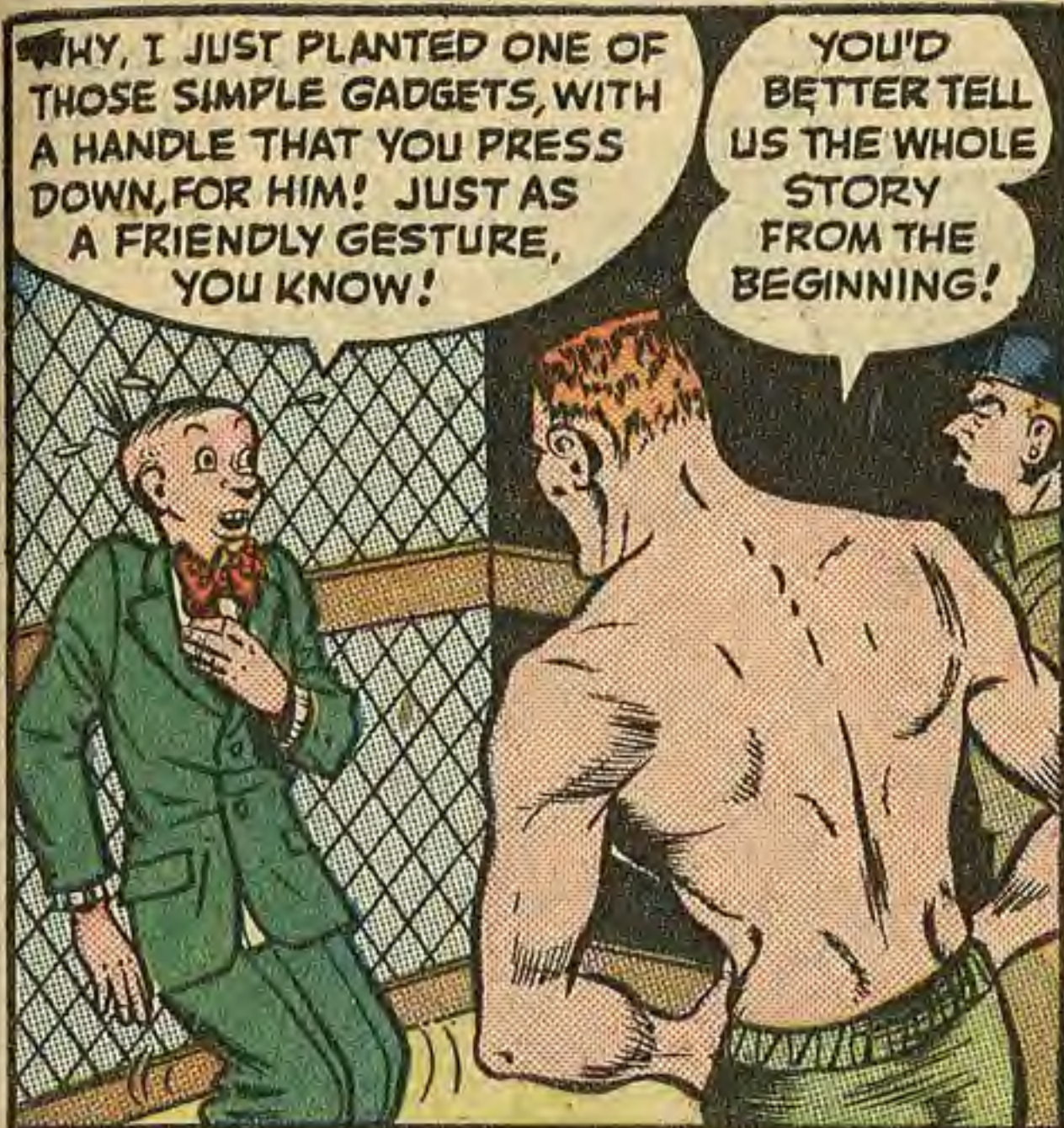
'RAY,
DAFFY!



Meanwhile...
outside the
mine...

THIS'LL
DO IT!





The Jester



As a young policeman, Chuck Lane is often limited by department regulations and the letter of the law but, as the smiling **JESTER**, he can smash away at crime with only his conscience for his guide!

BUT I TELL YOU
BIG NICK LESTER
AND HIS MOB
FRAMED ME!

SURE! SURE! I'M
NOT REALLY MCGINTY,
THE DETECTIVE! I'M
THE KING OF TIMBUCTOO!
WHY DON'T YOU RELAX,
BENNETT?

LOCK HIM UP!..... HE'LL
STAY HERE UNTIL HIS
TRIAL... AND THEN HE'S
A CINCH FOR THE
BIG HOUSE!

SOMEDAY I'M GOING TO BRING
ONE OF THEM DOWN HERE
AND HE'LL PULL A
DIFFERENT LINE...

I KNOW...
AND YOU'LL
FAINT DEAD AWAY!
ONLY IT COULD
BE THAT BENNETT
IS TELLING THE
TRUTH!



OH, HE'S INNOCENT! I KNOW HE'S INNOCENT AND I BELIEVE HIS STORY! WARREN NEVER DID A DISHONEST THING IN HIS LIFE! AND YOU POLICE WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!

MCGINTY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO HIS STORY BECAUSE HE WANTED THE PRISONER TO HAVE NO COMEBACK ABOUT BEING MADE TO TALK WITHOUT THE ADVICE OF A LAWYER! BUT I'D LIKE TO HEAR IT!

WELL, WARREN OWED BIG NICK LESTER A GAMBLING DEBT! FOR SOME UNEXPLAINABLE REASON, BIG NICK TOLD HIM HE DIDN'T HAVE TO REPAY IT! LATER BIG NICK SUDDENLY DEMANDED THAT WARREN HELP HIM FROM THE INSIDE OF THE BANK WHERE HE WORKS, IN A HOLDUP THEY WERE PLANNING!

ARAGE

WARREN REFUSED! BIG NICK TOLD HIM HE'D BE SORRY! THE HOLDUP WAS STAGED ANYWAY! BIG NICK MADE A SPECIAL POINT OF BEHAVING AS THOUGH WARREN WERE IN ON IT!

HMMM!

THE POLICE CAME TO WARREN'S APARTMENT AND, TO HIS COMPLETE SURPRISE, FOUND TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS OF THE STOLEN MONEY THERE!

AND YOU BELIEVE BIG NICK PLANTED IT THERE TO INCRIMINATE WARREN AND GET EVEN!

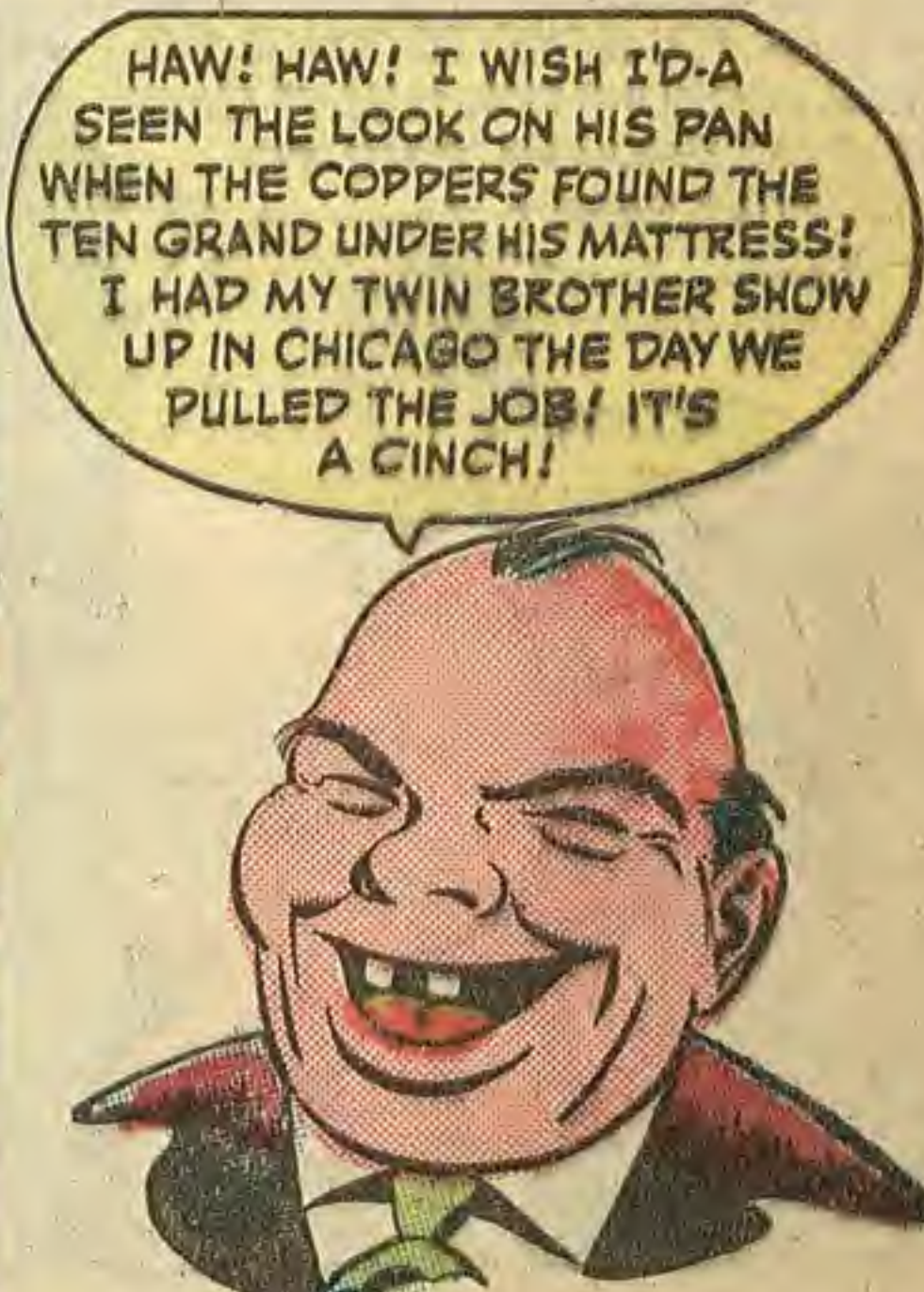
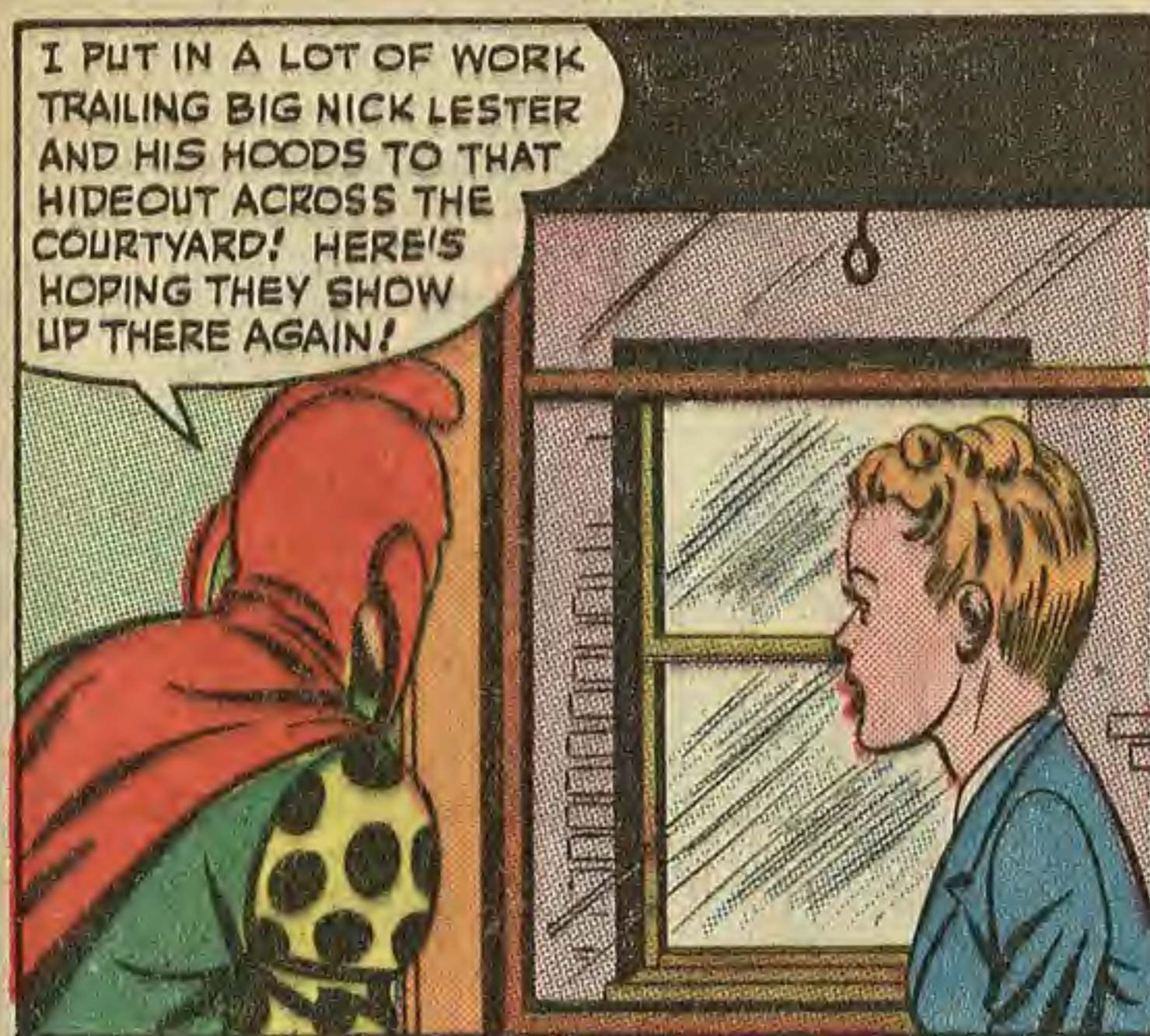
SOMEHOW I BELIEVE YOU! BIG NICK AND HIS MEN WERE MASKED WHEN THEY HELD UP THE BANK, AND YOUR BROTHER IS CREDITED WITH BEING THE BRAINS OF THE WHOLE MOB!

BUT HE WASN'T! I KNOW IT!

DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH! SOMETHING TELLS ME THE TRUTH'LL SOON COME OUT!

OH, I HOPE SO!

AND THE JESTER'S GOING TO TRY TO MAKE IT COME OUT A LITTLE SOONER!



"... I HAD MY TWIN BROTHER SHOW UP IN CHICAGO THE DAY WE PULLED THE JOB!"

SO HE HAD AN ALIBI! WELL, WELL... IS HE GOING TO BE SURPRISED!

I had my twin brother show up in Chicago the day we pulled the job!

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH THERE, MISS SNEAD! WE WON'T NEED ANY MORE! NOW TO PANIC BIG NICK AND HIS BOYS ---

YAWP! WH-WHAT HIT ME?

THAT WACKY BALL THE JESTER THROWS AROUND! HE'S HERE SOME-PLACE!

SMACK!

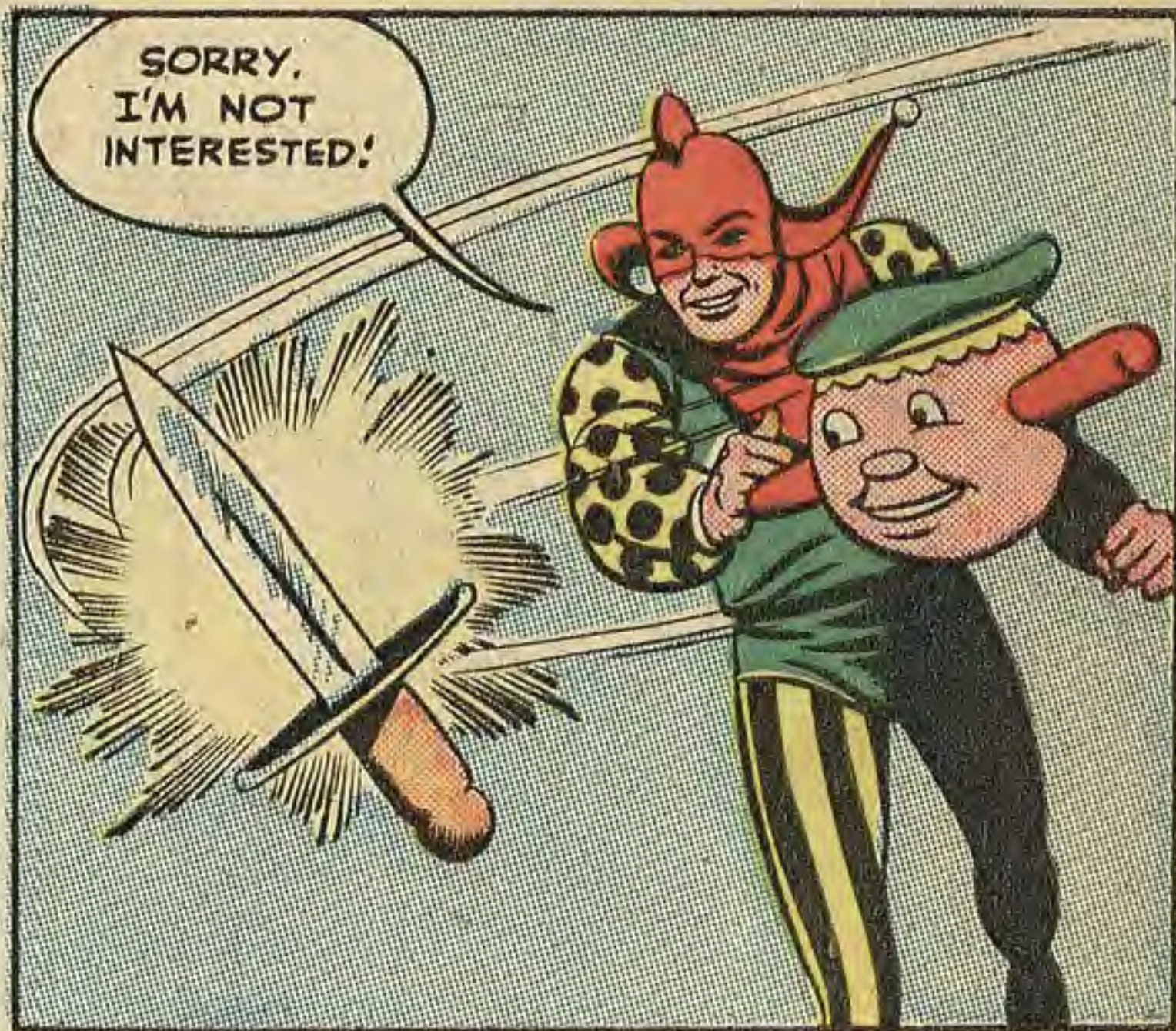
IMPOSSIBLE! HE COULDN'T HIDE WITHOUT US FINDING HIM!

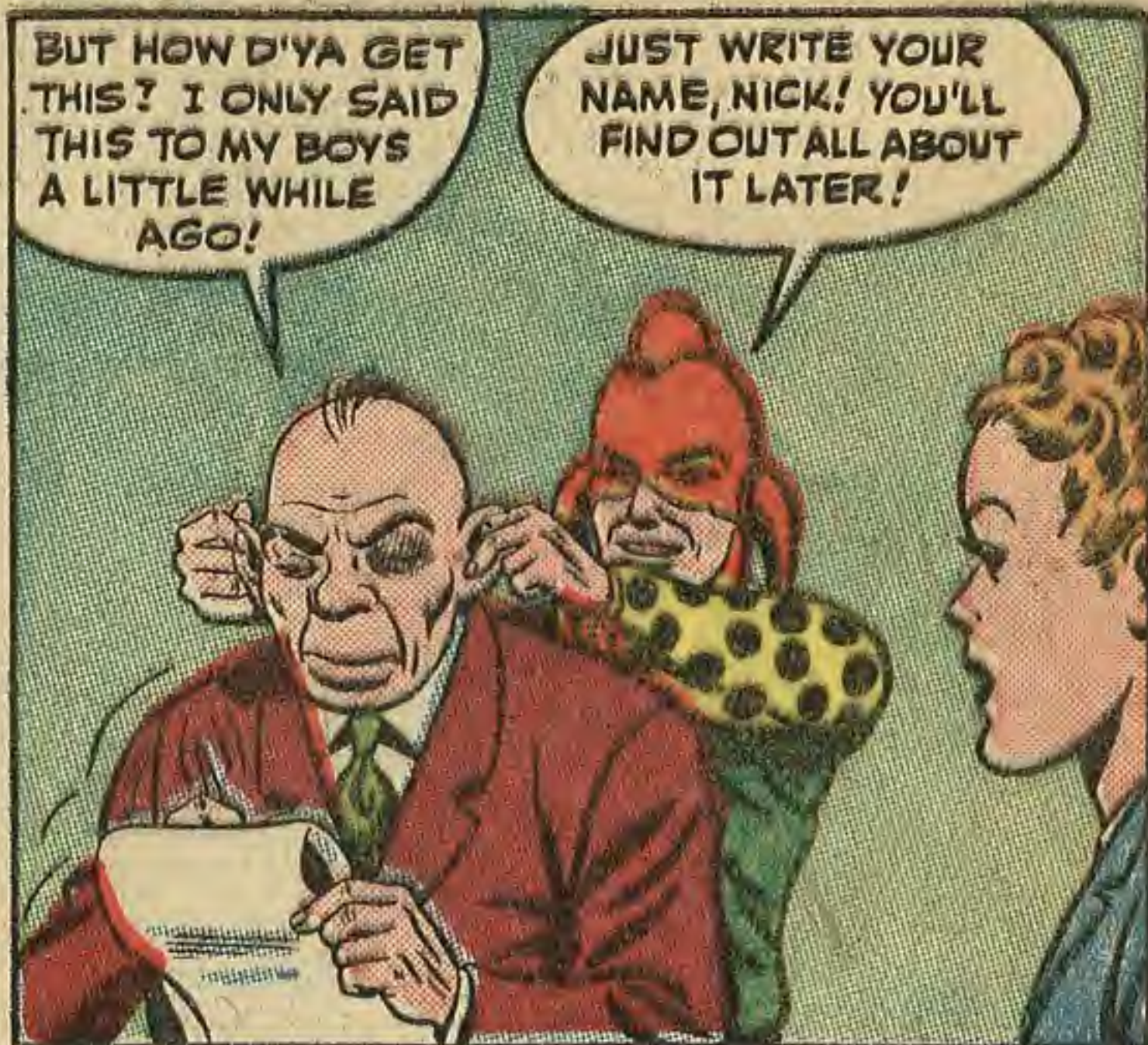
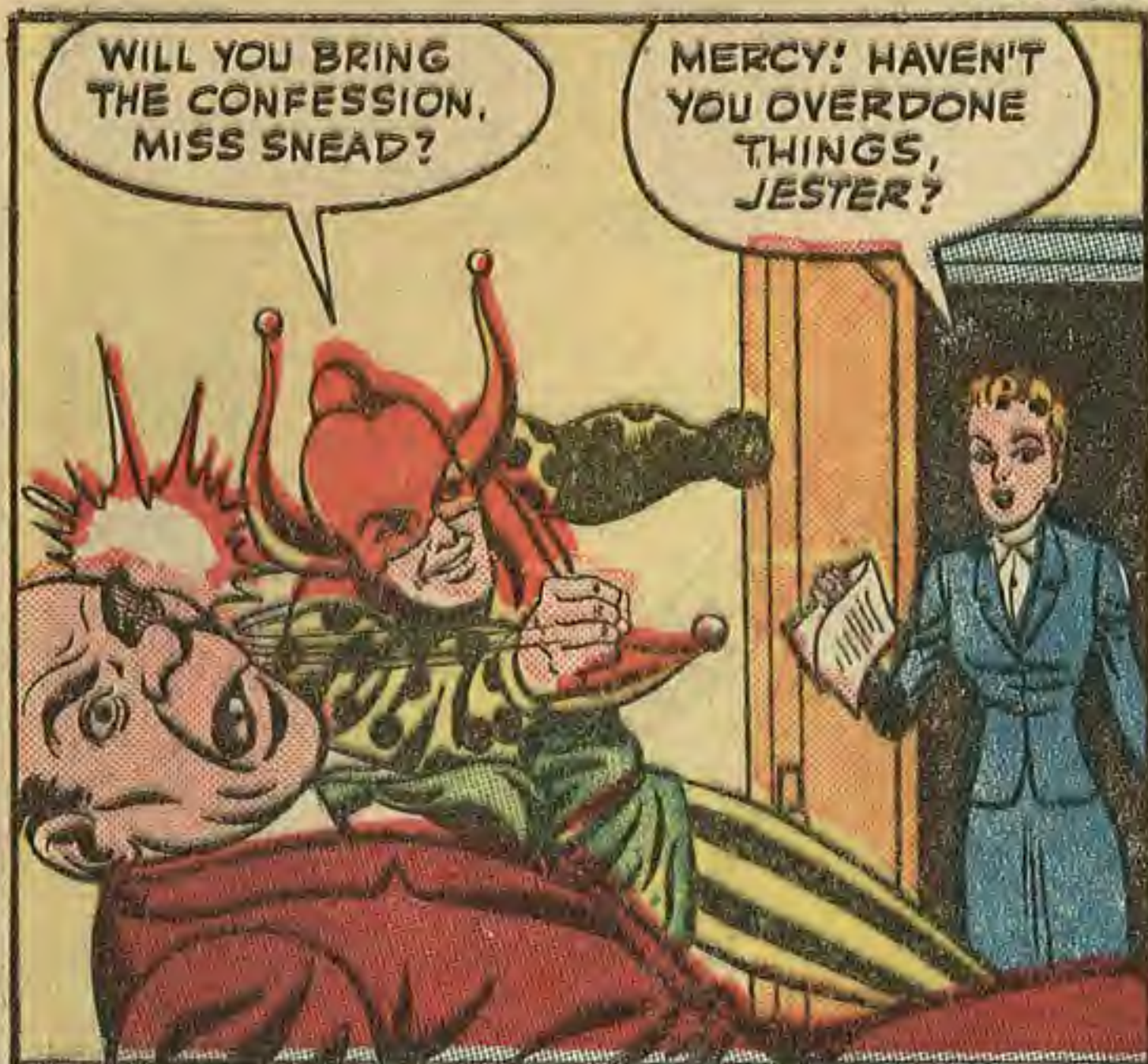
MAYBE SO... BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME WE BETTER LAM OUTTA HERE!

NICE OF YOU BOYS TO TAKE SO LONG LOOKING FOR ME! IT GAVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET OVER HERE!

UHN-UH! NO GUNS, DIRTY MIKE! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU LAST TIME?

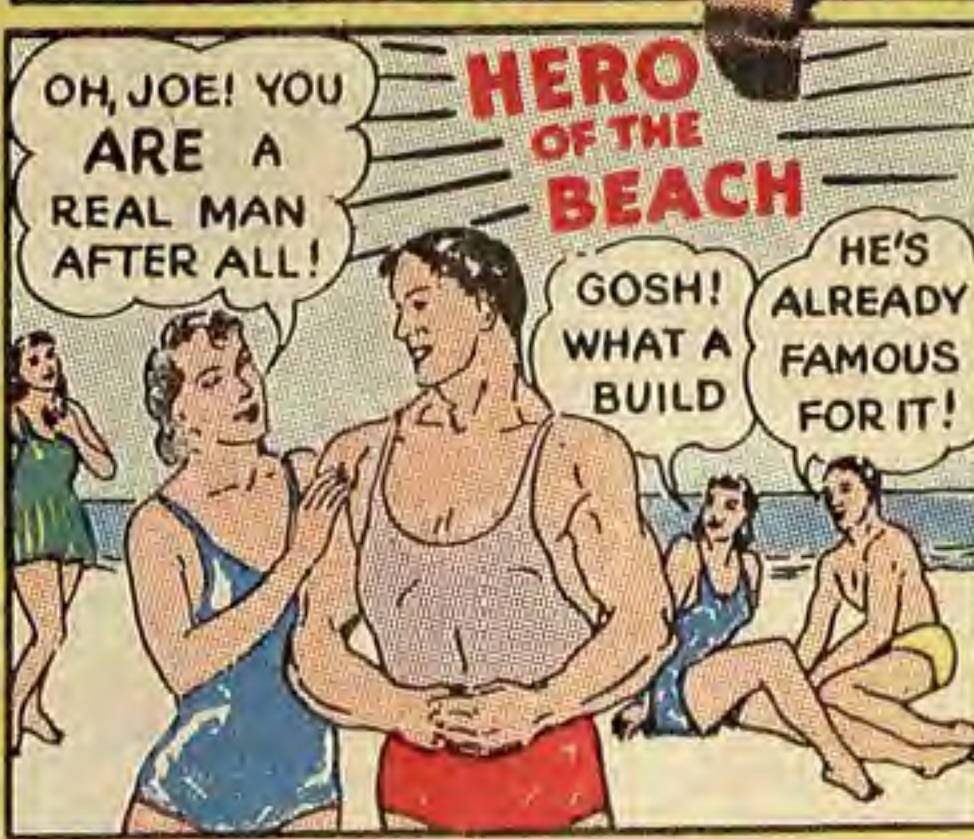
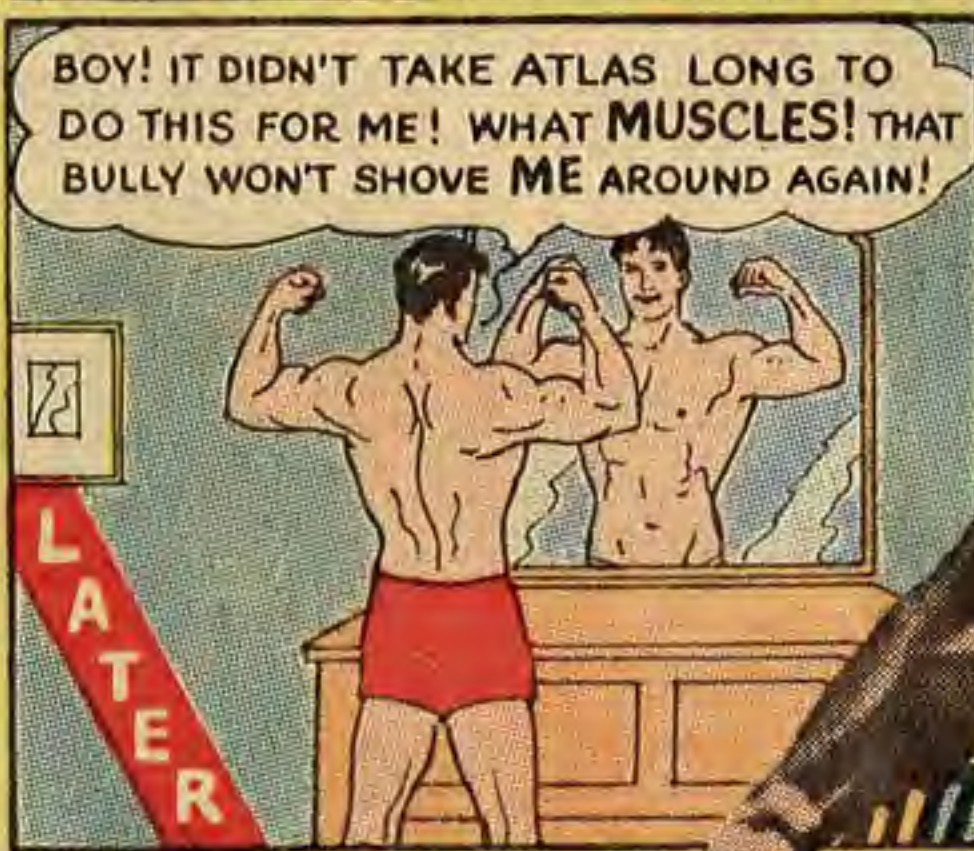
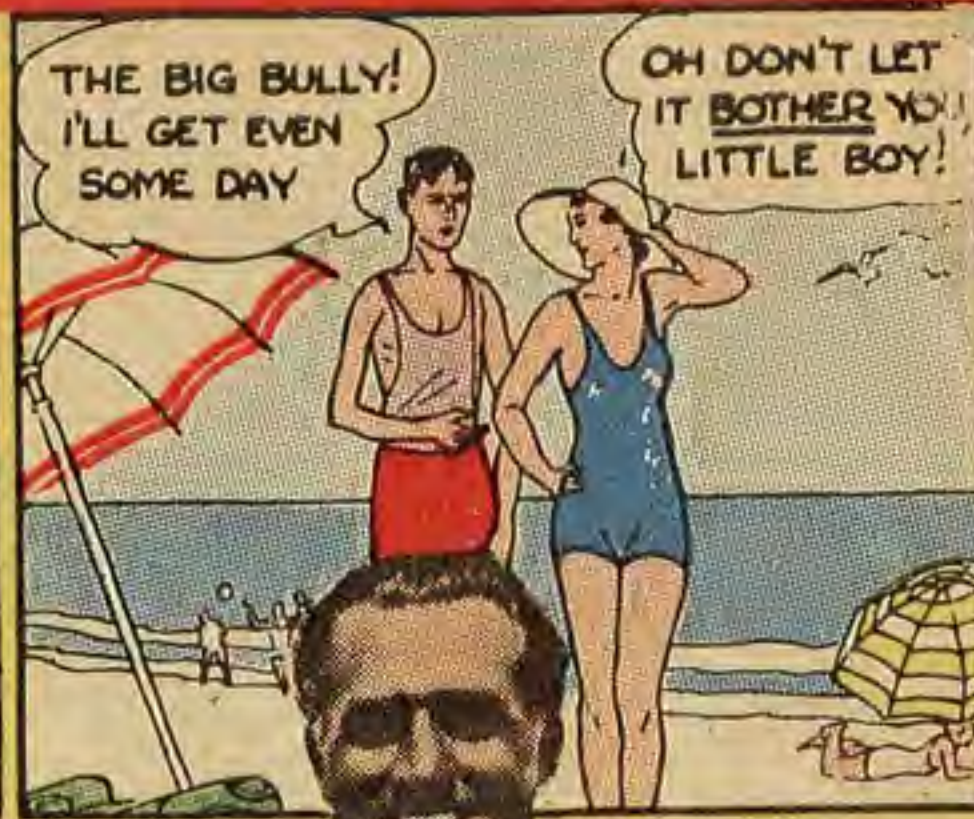
OWW-W!





HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 33010 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 33010
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....
☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Captain Tootsie

AND THE RETURN OF DR. NARSTY

BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA

A MEETING OF THE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SECRET LEGION HAS BEEN CALLED AT THE HOME OF CADWALLADER VAN TILDEN, A NEW MEMBER.

IT WAS NICE OF CADWALLADER'S MOTHER TO LET US MEET AT THEIR HOUSE, ROLLO! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MIND OUR MANNERS IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL HOME!

I GUESS MRS. VAN TILDEN MUST BE TICKLED PINK ABOUT CADWALLADER'S BEING ACCEPTED AS A LEGION MEMBER, CAPT. TOOTSIE!



YOU CAN HAVE YOUR MEETING HERE IN THE RUMPUS ROOM. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GO UPSTAIRS TO HAVE MY BEAUTY FACIAL. I DON'T WANT TO KEEP THE MAN WAITING. HE'S PIERRE OF PARIS, YOU KNOW!

THIS IS A WONDERFUL PLACE, MRS. VAN TILDEN! THANKS!



WOW! IT'S GOT EVERYTHING—PING-PONG TABLES, BOXING GLOVES, N'EVERYTHING!

MOTHER, THIS IS THE FAMOUS CAPT. TOOTSIE I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU ABOUT!



HOW DO YOU DO, CAPT. TOOTSIE? I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR SECRET LEGION FROM CADWALLADER! HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT TOOTSIE COUNTERSIGN HE'S BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT?

WHEN ANYONE'S IN DISTRESS HE GIVES THE COUNTERSIGN— "T FOR TOOTSIE" AND THE SECRET LEGION MEMBERS ANSWER IT BY COMING TO HIS ASSISTANCE!



UPSTAIRS, A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

AH, ZEES SPECIALLY PREPARED MUD PACK WILL GIVE MADAME A FACE OF UNSURPASSED LOVE-LINESS.

HEH! HEH! WHEN THIS CEMENT HARDENS, SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO SCREAM AND I CAN STEAL THESE JEWELS!



MMMMPH! UGH-AWWWK!

THE CEMENT HARDENS QUICKLY AND PIERRE OF PARIS, ALIAS DR. NARSTY, EXECUTES ONE OF THE COOLEST GEM THEFTS IN ALL HISTORY.

HEY, MOM! HEY, MOM! CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?

CURSES! WHO'S COMING?



I HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING! I MUST GO! DO NOT TOUCH ZEE MUDDER WHILE IT IS THAT I AM AWAY!

HEY, CADWALLADER! LOOK AT YOUR MOM!



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED TO HER?

SHE'S GIVING THE COUNTERSIGN!

I'LL GET CAPTAIN TOOTSIE...



A SHRILL BLAST OF ROLLO'S TOOTSIE-TOOTER...

...AND CAPT. TOOTSIE SHOWS UP IN A JIFFY!

A-HAH! PIERRE OF PARIS, OR RATHER DR. NARSTY! UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN, EH?



WHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK!

HERE, FATSO, PASS THESE AROUND! TOOTSIE ROLLS WILL GIVE YOU ALL EXTRA ENERGY FOR ANY JOB!



HI PALS! ROLLO AND I EAT LOTS OF CHEWY, CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLLS BECAUSE THEY'RE CHOCK-FULL OF ENERGY!

• TOOTSIE ROLLS are not only delicious, but a fine food as well! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And TOOTSIE ROLLS give you energy fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a TOOTSIE ROLL into your mouth! Try a TOOTSIE!



STILL ONLY **1¢**